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Notes of the Week

IT appears, as a contemporary has well phrased it, as though the chief ambition of Mr. Lloyd George is "to frame legislation that will set the whole country by the ears." Readers of THE ACADEMY may remember that we refrained from joining in the almost universal paean of praise that arose when first the Chancellor's scheme of National Insurance was published, preferring to hold an open mind on the question until more details were available. The disgracefully vague and unbusinesslike form in which the contentious Act has been cast has already led to the most unexpected results, from a threatened strike in the industrial North to a rebellion in the agricultural East, and its tangled web of clauses is the despair of those who have to administer it. Protests have come from all quarters, from employers and employed, and have ranged from serious, reasoned argument to the absurdity of burning the Act in public. Meanwhile the Chancellor poses as a benefactor to humanity rather too late in the day; he might have been, had his statesmanship and business ability matched his enthusiasm and his command of language.

It happened that one afternoon this glowing week we walked the flags of the Embankment to admire London's river, as do all good citizens when opportunity offers, and, having business Chelsea way, we made to embark on a steamer which looked cool and friendly

and was temptingly labelled "Greenwich to Kew." We were briefly informed that there were no boats "up river" after four o'clock; and, there being still left three hours of hot sunshine (to say nothing of the warm twilight), we watched the fortunate voyagers start for the wild adventures of Greenwich, wondering, as we have so many times wondered, at the mysterious dispensation of those who govern London's river-traffic. Memories of the pretty little *bateaux mouches* of Paris, of refreshing evening trips to St. Cloud, increased our anger. Have we not also beauty-spots on our Thames within reach of a pleasant run, and would not many people on these semi-tropical evenings be glad of the chance to travel by water instead of a stuffy train? It is not the first time we have alluded in this column to the neglected possibilities of the river; we wish we could think that it would be the last.

The little paddle-steamer *Comet* launched a hundred years ago on the Clyde, which was the first regularly running steam-driven vessel in Europe, did not suggest to the minds of its builders the huge liners and the massive battleships of to-day; but the difference represents the quite natural and gradual progress due to constant experiment. By a similar route we have arrived at the splendidly equipped touring and racing car from the noisy, inelegant, odorous machine of a few years ago; and now that M. Bertrand de Lesseps has driven a car 300 miles, using a peculiarly constructed revolving "wing" as a propeller (thus doing away with all complicated intervening mechanism such as differential gears and clutches), there is no telling what may yet be in store. Transferring the argument to the science of flight, who knows what astounding events, what extraordinary developments of the aeroplane, may be seen during the next decade? Already we take no special notice of journeys of hundreds of miles through the air; fame is not now to be won by flying across the Channel. The recent triumph of the hydroplane marks a fresh stage, and, though the airman has yet to accomplish the feat of hovering stationary over a fixed point, he has made those who watch him feel that not many surprises can be left.

The twelfth annual gathering of the Cowper Society took place at Olney, Bedfordshire, on Thursday, July 4, and was well attended. A private meeting was held in the Cowper and Newton Museum, at which an arrangement was made that members of the Blake Society should interchange with the Cowper Society on terms of mutual advantage. After this the public meeting assembled, reinforced by the Northants Natural History Society. Lieut.-Col. Bowyer presided, and Mr. Thomas Wright and other gentlemen spoke on various matters of interest relating to the poet of Olney. It has been decided to ask the Lord Mayor of London for permission to hold the next meeting at the Mansion House. If this is arranged, Bishop Welldon has promised to address the members. The forthcoming book to be issued by the Society is entitled "Cowper and Blake," and is by Dr. Hubert Norman.

Change and Eternity

GONE is the sheen of the stars, and the last blown
gleam of the moon,
And the planets are hidden in cloud from the eyes of
their sister Earth;
Only the lonely wind, singing his olden tune,
Greets with a voice as of pain the hour of a new day's
birth;
For lost in the passing of days are bygone sorrow and
mirth;
And the wind, blowing over the graves of men who
smiled or sighed,
Wails through the lonely night for hopes that have no
worth,
Having seen all things that were fair, but none that had
hope to abide.

But the sun smites once and again, the mists dissolve
and divide,
And the eyes of morning shine like one awakened and
glad;
The wind is hushed at last, the sky shines blue and
wide,
And forgotten are gloom and sighing, and all that was
dim and sad.
Softly the hours pass by, silent and sunshine-clad,
Each with her word of delight, each with a flower at
her breast,
Till the last of them all is gone, and the rose that sunrise
had,
Glowing changing and fades and darkens, afar in the
unknown west.

Then with o'er-shadowing wings, and cloud for a
shimmering vest,
Silver-shod, crowned with the moon, a queen in queenly
array,
Night comes, and bears in her hands dreams and a gift
of rest
And peace from fears that pursue, from secret hopes
that delay;
But above the veil of the deep is rent and riven away,
And the house of the stars is seen, and the ways of the
singing spheres
That sing in the height of heaven, in the light of eternal
day,
Unchanged of rising and setting, of fretting and change
of the years.

W. P. R. KERR.

The Muse and the Kitchen

IF that necessary but often irritating person, the "ordinary man," were asked to define his conception of a poet, he would probably picture for his questioner a being resembling himself in certain superficial matters, such as the possession of two eyes, a nose and mouth, arms and legs, but strangely different from himself in many other respects. Whereas he, the ordinary man, is level-headed and sober of mien (save for a period of annual intoxication known as a holiday), the poet, he imagines, is a wild-eyed, rather gaunt, and uncomfortable-looking creature, with long, unkempt hair, who talks and mutters constantly to invisible companions, who wears curious hats (or none at all), and who sits up all night breathlessly demanding inspiration for his poised pen. And in no matter would the difference be more emphatic than in that of sustenance. The poet, he thinks, lives almost entirely on air; toying absently with an occasional sandwich, dallying with cakes and coffee as a modern substitute for the obsolete ambrosia, his existence lies on a plane far above that where the art of the chef inspires his lowlier fellow-men. In fact, were the uninitiate pressed to give an absolute antithesis to poetry, he might very well say "Beefsteaks." He has never met a poet; he would rather not do so, since he feels by intuition that his sensations at such an encounter would be embarrassing, and he would not know what to talk about.

It is a pitiful thing, indeed, to shatter an illusion; but the simple, regrettable fact has to be put on record that your twentieth-century poet is an admirable trencherman. He no longer dines or sups apologetically in an attic near the stars on a slice of cold mutton, a corner of a loaf, and a glass of milk; dear, no! The circle of his melody is gently rounded with a delicate repast; the meal to him is a rite, a chord of music loud and long and splendid, harmonising perfectly, modulating, and dying away in sweet murmurs of wines and coffee and exotically tinted liqueurs. No more does he sit and scribble verses in squalid restaurants, retiring from the gaze of the public; on the contrary, he strides boldly through the flowered portals of hostels where dine the Epicureans, and, instead of a stony glare from the gigantic guardian, he receives a respectful salutation, as befits one who chooses his meats with care and knows how to use a wine-list. As to walking homeward—why walk, he asks, when there are taxi-cabs in plenty? And does his poetry suffer because he happens to be well fed? I hardly think so; for I have known several men who freely and honourably have earned the title of poet who answer this description fairly accurately.

Obviously, however, we must revise our ideas as to the unpoetic nature of things that are usually considered vulgar, such as beefsteaks. It would be comparatively easy to prove that the poetic sense depends almost entirely upon the satisfaction of the appetite. Let there

be ever so fine a view to be seen, we turn from it with weary hearts if we chance to be hungry; but confront us with it after a well-served meal, and we will wax as enthusiastic as you please. So desperately a part of ourselves is this philistine, fleshly demand of the digestive apparatus that the most exquisite sight of the sun's descent, "flaming with great wings red among the vapours," moves us not a whit if 'tis dinner-time and our body-half insists upon listening for the summons of the gong. It is a dreadful thought. We, who take pride in our intellect, in our love for the beautiful, in our appreciation of the higher things—to be brought so low as this, that the glittering array of the table should thrill us with a foretaste of bliss! What is dinner that it should lure us from a moon-rise at twilight—the most glorious moon-rise of all? And what is lunch that for it we should forsake the sea, shut ourselves in a stuffy room, and glow with pleasure over the preliminary pervasive odours arising from the kitchen?

Alas! Hard saying though it may be, we have to admit that the poet in us shakes hands with the cook; and, pursuing the theme, it is necessary to suppose that without that periodical aid from "below stairs" the poet in us would rebel and gradually pine away. What wonders have not been accomplished by good ale and honest fare in time of need—"ale, to beef what Eve was to Adam," as Meredith said. "Heroes know little what they owe to champagne," and we little know how much of the artist's visions is due to the mellow satisfaction of a leisurely dinner. Dr. Middleton, in some respects almost as notable an egoist as his prospective son-in-law, "misdoubted the future as well as the past of the man who did not, in becoming gravity, exult to dine"; and the ordinary man, given to dining with no poetic theories at the back of his head, need feel no shock of surprise at the discovery that the Muse no longer makes it a condition of service that her poet should starve. She has grown more sensible.

But one more question remains to be asked. Whence comes the prosperity of these seasoned rhymesters of to-day? Where flow the thin golden rills from which their coffers are replenished so delightfully? Ah! are there still further disclosures to be made for the wonderment of the ordinary man? Must we confess that the modern poet never attempts to live by his poems—that he is tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and a great many other things in order to jingle the coins in his pouch, in order, in fact, to have the time to be a poet? Times have changed since Gay made a thousand pounds by his "Poems on Several Occasions," and there are so many would-be poets now that a patron for each is out of the question. And so, however much the poet of to-day wishes to live by his poems in posterity, to live in the present (and, therefore, to write his immortal lines), he wisely determines to attempt no feats of fasting, but to call on his kindly Muse—after dinner. If she no longer responds with an "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or a "Love in the Valley," can we blame her?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

REVIEWS

Cesare Borgia

The Life of Cesare Borgia: A History and Some Criticisms. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. By JOHN LESLIE GARNER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a book that can scarcely fail to challenge attention. By many readers it will be regarded as an ingenious piece of special pleading. A tradition has grown up about the Borgias which has taken root very firmly in the minds of most men. They were mean, selfish, cruel, arrogant, infirm of purpose, but implacable of resentment. They were poisoners on a lordly scale. They were guilty of unnamable vices. There was scarcely a crime in the Decalogue that was not laid to their charge.

Such is the popular estimate of the character of Alexander Borgia and his no less notorious son. How far is it borne out by the facts of the case? That is the question that Mr. Sabatini has set himself to answer in this volume.

It says much for Mr. Sabatini—whom we have known hitherto as a romantic novelist—that he has refused to succumb to a temptation which in his case must have proved peculiarly strong. Since it was entirely impossible for him to make Cesare Borgia the hero of the story, he might have been pardoned—as he would certainly have been applauded—if he had made him the villain. But his sole aim has been to discover the truth. He has sifted the evidence with admirable impartiality, and the conclusion he arrives at is that the Borgias, though far from being angels of light, were less black than they are painted. He found them depicted as monsters, and he leaves them as men—albeit very bad men.

We have not the space to follow Mr. Sabatini in the various ramifications of his subject. His summary of the evidence with regard to the alleged secret poison administered by Alexander VI. will leave no doubt, we venture to think, in the mind of any candid reader as to the baselessness of the rumour. It appears to have been circulated immediately after the sudden death of Prince Djim at the Castle of Capua, and it has been maintained, in the teeth of all evidence, ever since. Mr. Sabatini finds no difficulty in disposing of the poison legend, however:—

Considering that twenty-eight days had elapsed since his parting from Alexander, it was, with the best intentions in the world, rather difficult to make that poisoning credible, until the bright notion was conceived, and made public, that the poison used was a "white powder" of unknown components, which did its work slowly, and killed the victim some time after it had been administered. Thus, by a bold and brazen invention, an impossible falsehood was made to wear a possible aspect. . . .

Before proceeding to inquire further into this par-

ticular case, let us here and now say that, just as to-day there is no inorganic toxin known to science that will either lie fallow for weeks in the human system, suddenly to become active and slay, or yet to kill by slow degrees, involving some weeks in the process, so none was known in the Borgian or any other era. Science, indeed, will tell you that the very notion of any such poison is flagrantly absurd, and that such a toxic action is against all the laws of nature.

A stronger reason for refusing to credit Alexander with the death of Djim is to be found in the fact—a fact to which Mr. Sabatini does not fail to refer—that by it the Pope lost an annual levy of 40,000 ducats, in addition to his hold upon the Turks.

Whether Mr. Sabatini has not taken a too lenient view of the Borgias is a question that may well be asked. It is true that the balance of blame needed some redressing, but one finds it difficult to repress a smile when one reads of the "apostolic zeal" of Alexander VI.! Mr. Sabatini refers to the Pope's Bull granting America to Spain, and the conditions under which that tolerably easy bequest was made. And then he adds, "Thus Alexander invented the missionary."

We confess that we rubbed our eyes after reading that last sentence. Surely there was some mistake. But no. There it stands in all its naked audacity. "Alexander invented the missionary"! And this a thousand years after the labours of St. Columba, St. Patrick, and St. Augustine! Words fail us.

One particular line of apology adopted by Mr. Sabatini we do most unfeignedly deplore. We do not think that the author's partial advocacy of the character of the Borgias is enhanced in value by the frequent references to the looseness of the age. There is a modern tendency to blame epochs rather than individuals. Mr. Sabatini writes of the Cinquecento as if it were some sinister and impersonal force from the inductable clutches of which its victims were powerless to escape. But if any period of history has a more unsavoury reputation than any other—which, perhaps, upon the whole, is a somewhat doubtful proposition—it is because the men and women living in it have failed to conform to that moral standard which is independent of the mere accidents of time. It is the men who are responsible for the age, and not the age that is responsible for the men.

Mr. Sabatini's portrayal of Cesare Borgia is finely done. With all his faults, this man, who crowded so much of action into his thirty-two years of life, lives in these pages as a veritable human being, and not as a mere puppet for universal execration. The book is one that will have to be read. Mr. Sabatini throws a flood of light upon an obscure and still hotly-controverted period of European history. He also helps us to understand something of the glamour and the glory, the sin and the squalor that are summed up in the one immortal word—Rome.

We wish we could say as much of Mr. Garner's treatise, but we fear it is impossible. Mr. Garner makes a great parade of fairness, but one is not long in dis-

covering that he approaches his subject with a pronounced anti-Borgian bias. A great deal of industry has gone to the making of this volume, but it is united to a total inability to appreciate or even understand alike the men and the times of which it treats.

Consider, for example, such a passage as the following. Our author is referring to the Italian Renaissance:—

Man had again discovered himself; he had become conscious of his faculties; he had found that he possessed a will that could carry him on to greatness in the many fields of human activity. Hitherto superstitious, ignorant, and bigoted, he had been taught that if he had ventured to use the intellect with which he had been endowed he would be eternally damned. Life to him was merely a painful pilgrimage between two eternities, through one of which he would be doomed to hell fire if in his mundane existence he dared to find any of the joy of living.

Mr. Garner is writing of the age of Thomas Aquinas! Or yet again:—

The gloom and superstition of mediæval Christianity oppressed men's souls, consequently the subjects selected were hideous and lugubrious in the extreme—emaciated saints, representations of the Last Judgment, human beings writhing in the torment of eternal wrath. The Almighty was not a god of pity and love, but one of vengeance.

Mr. Garner is writing of the age of Thomas à Kempis—the age, too, which produced the gentle and joyous Francis of Assisi! Comment, surely, is needless. But the gargoyles on the walls of the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe survive to-day as an eternal refutation of Mr. Garner's reckless and random theories.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that a writer who fails so signally to understand the mind of mediæval Europe should do something less than justice to the character of even a Cesare Borgia. The truth, as we all know, lies between two extremes. But we think that Mr. Sabatini has got nearer to a just and discerning estimate of one of the most baffling and complex characters in Italian history than his latest biographer. Machiavelli was no saint, but even he would hardly have yielded an unstinted meed of admiration to a human monster.

Catherine II. in a New Light

The Comedy of Catherine the Great. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash. 16s.)

THE author of this most interesting work has rendered a great service to history in depicting Catherine II., the talented and beautiful Russian Empress, in an entirely new light, and one more in accordance with facts than is generally accepted. If Catherine, in her private life, left much to be desired, we must remember, as the author quaintly expresses it, that "she never had a

chance," and before she was out of her teens was married to a man of low tastes and vulgar habits. She was also without any warning introduced into one of the most dissolute Courts in Europe, where morals as we know them were absent.

Married to a drunkard who kept a kennel of fox-hounds in her ante-chamber, and threatened her with imprisonment in a nunnery for life (a fate peculiarly terrible for a woman of Catherine's taste), it is not surprising that she soon found someone to rescue her from a dangerous and unenviable position. No matter how bad or how good a beautiful woman may be, she will always find someone to pity her, especially when mated to a brutal husband. Catherine, who was neither pre-eminently good nor bad, soon discovered a means of deliverance from the society of her wretched partner, who was eventually assassinated by her admirers and sympathisers in the Palace of Ropscha. She then ascended the throne, with the help of a coterie of brilliant and unscrupulous men, who committed untold crimes in her name, for which she is unfortunately too often held responsible by historians who were not acquainted with her precarious and peculiar position.

From that time she was ruled by a succession of able and unscrupulous ministers who would have soon treated the "German Usurper" as mercilessly as they did her husband had she not propitiated them with enormous largesses and carried out the policy they dictated. The so-called comedy presents the great Empress as she actually was. Henceforth she will appear in the light of modern history as "more sinned against than sinning," with all those intellectual and *spirituelle* qualities which, in a more healthy atmosphere, would have made her not only one of the most remarkable women of her time, but also one of the best. Her vicious environment was too strong for her, and this moral caricature of a great woman is the result. Forbidden to marry the only man whom she really loved, she endeavoured to find in the favours of a score of lovers that satisfaction which a virtuous woman should only find in one. Her life, when probed to the core, is in reality one long-drawn-out tragedy, and shows all the mischief that can ensue for misplaced affection and wasted talent. Poor Catherine was not even permitted to live respectably, and when she wished to marry Alexis Orloff, the handsome guardsman, she was informed by Panin, her Chancellor, that "Madam Orloff could never become the Empress of Russia!" One of the members of the Senate was even still more brutally outspoken, and voiced the general opinion concerning her future conduct in the following speech:—"We are delighted to see our Sovereign selecting subjects on whom to confer the favour of her affection, but we can never consent that men who are socially no more than our equals should presume to become our masters!" Catherine was not long in taking this hint, and since she was not permitted to marry either Poniatowski, the King of Poland, or Orloff, she endeavoured to drown her sorrow and regrets in the wildest dissipation, giving full play to her neurotic and passionate temperament, which, like

a mighty torrent diverted from its proper channel, flowed in wasteful profusion in all directions. Potemkin who actually ruled Russia, continually discovered for the Empress fresh admirers, and was rewarded with palaces, estates, territories and millions of roubles in this questionable *metier*.

The Orloff brothers, who, with the aid of the guards, had secured her nomination to the throne, were rewarded for their "affection" and loyalty with seventeen millions of roubles (£3,400,000); also with estates as large as provinces and thousands of serfs. It is estimated that Catherine spent at least £80,000,000 on her various favourites, and left about thirty thousand matters of State unattended to. Notwithstanding her licentiousness, her extravagance and fickleness, there is evidence to show that she not only longed for a better life, but was to a great extent what circumstances and her peculiar temperament made her. In the plays, poems, diaries and other literary memoirs she has left, we can see the real Catherine better than in the narratives of many historians. We know from them that she was not only a great patron of the arts, but a passionate admirer of Shakespeare, and showed her appreciation of him by writing a series of plays "after the manner of William Shakespeare, without observing the customary rules of the grammar!" Catherine II., who ignored so many rules in everyday-life, could hardly expect to recognise the insignificant regulations relating to the stage. She not only aspired to be a literary woman, but cultivated the society of some of the most eminent literary men of her day, including Grimm, Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau. The costly manuscripts, books, cameos, statues, and valuable pictures she collected around her in the Hermitage, are evidence of her innate love for all that was beautiful and refining. With all her frailty, she was not so bad as is generally believed. To Poniatowski, whom she really loved, she wrote: "I feel the power over me of the man whom I love; may God preserve you for me, I shall be a better woman." A woman who could write thus could not be wholly bad. "Calumny," wrote the French Ambassador, "has not spared her moral character, but it must be allowed that while not entirely above reproach, she was far from the excesses of which she was accused." Concerning Gregory Orloff, the same Ambassador is far more scathing in his remarks.

In her daily life she was temperate, energetic, studious and systematic. She rose at five o'clock, lighted her own fire in order not to disturb her attendants, and showed the greatest consideration for them. No wonder there were many who loved her, in spite of her infirmities and weaknesses, and wept when she died.

This interesting volume, full of anecdote, should be read by all who care more for the facts of history than for useless fiction. One leaves the perusal of these pages with a feeling of pity that the life of this great woman should have been so wasted, and I must agree with the author that Catherine was a woman, not only of exceptional ability, but also of exceptional character. The whole of the work is written in a vein of charitable,

good-natured humour and satire. Its fault is its title, which should have been the "Tragedy of Catherine the Great." This hopeless pursuit of high ideals in the midst of corrupt surroundings was no comedy, but a veritable tragedy: the tragedy of a woman naturally good and gifted, forced by her environment to lead a life totally different from the one she would have chosen had her lot been cast otherwise.

W. BARNES STEVENI.

Frontier Fighting

Campaigns on the North-West Frontier. By CAPTAIN H. L. NEVILL, D.S.O. Foreword by FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL ROBERTS, K.G. With Maps and Illustrations. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

WHEN Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab on March 29, 1849, from the Sikhs, after the second war with them, the British Government in India inherited a legacy of all the troubles which the great Mahárájá Ranjit Singh and his successors had experienced on their frontier with Afghanistan and the regions adjacent thereto. The turbulent and fanatical tribes, of whom the Afridis are the most powerful, on either side of a very unsettled and elastic frontier, acknowledged no master, and had never been properly subjugated. The first military expedition in 1849 on the Yusufzai border, was occasioned by the refusal of British villages to pay revenue, an act of contumacy in which they were aided by villagers from independent territory. Since that commencement the Government of India were engaged up to and including 1898—according to a Parliamentary Return (moved for by Mr. John Morley in that year) showing the wars and military operations on or beyond the frontiers of British India—in sixty-one expeditions, exclusive of the second Afghan war, on the North-West frontier, undertaken to resist aggression, punish attacks, raids, and robberies, repress disturbances, the commission of outrages, and religious outbreaks, exact satisfaction for murders, briefly, to maintain peace and the British prestige all along the line.

Captain Nevill's object is to make available to the military student and everyone, including political officers, interested in the subject, an historical summary of our frontier expeditions and the lessons to be learnt from them. He appends to his book a chronological table of forty-eight North-West Frontier Campaigns, with which he has dealt; he has, therefore, apparently omitted some of the less important mentioned in the official return. They have not all been of the same magnitude. Sometimes only a few hundred troops have been engaged; in Tirah in 1897 there were 43,700 troops actively employed. Captain Nevill has consulted all the best-known works and official publications, including Paget and Mason's Record, which has naturally become incomplete in the course of time; and he has incorporated various tables, such as the strengths of the Field Forces engaged on twenty-seven expeditions, the war services of British and Indian regiments

on this frontier, the Civil and Military "Rulers in India" since 1767, and the brief but excellent orders issued to the Field Forces under his command by Sir Neville Chamberlain, one of the greatest military frontier officers of all time.

Captain Nevill has thus produced a book which should be carefully studied by every officer stationed on any frontier of India; as a work of reference it will be invaluable to all engaged in frontier operations hereafter. The author has properly avoided entering into the political grounds for these expeditions. Their policy is decided elsewhere, before or while such operations are undertaken, and often is not disclosed at all: as a junior military officer he could hardly be cognisant of, or become acquainted with, the politics of the frontier, except so far as they appear in the reports of the military operations, which afford ample material for his pen. His general method is to state the facts and results of the expeditions, and then to review them. His review of the first period comes down to the year 1890; the subsequent reviews are more frequent, sometimes applying to a single expedition. In these portions of the work principles are elucidated and attention is called to the varying circumstances which necessitated the application of different tactics, as required in the many operations recorded. For instance, in reviewing the Chitral campaign of 1895, he writes:—"In India the three great lessons which have been taught in the past from our constant wars in that country have been: 'Never refuse battle,' 'Never show a sign of hesitation,' and 'When you get the enemy on the run, keep him there.' All these precepts are well illustrated in the operations under consideration." These are pithy and weighty maxims, which anyone can remember. There is a most useful Chapter XXIV., which summarizes in compact form the lessons to be deduced in the shape of Precepts and Examples for Mountain Warfare. The seventeen Precepts are so brief that they could easily be committed to memory: they are referred in each case to sections of the Field Service Regulations which every officer has to study. Examples are given of successful practice of the precepts, with warnings of mishaps which may attend their non-observance.

But Captain Nevill is not content with historical accounts of past expeditions; though a junior officer himself, as he admits, he boldly faces the questions of the future. As the principles of mountain warfare have changed since 1849, so they are continually progressing. Our strategy and tactics will have to be varied to meet altered conditions, such as improvement in the armament of the enemy and increase of their knowledge of war. It is notorious that, through the neglected gun-running in the Persian Gulf for some years, a traffic in arms sprang up on the frontier, which has resulted in the tribesmen being much better equipped than ever before with arms of precision and supplies of ammunition. It is a problem for British military science to recover the superiority in these and other respects which has slipped away. Wireless telegraphy, air vessels, noiseless firearms, improved artillery, the mono-rail, are

suggested as directions in which a superiority in preparation can be regained. But actual experience of frontier warfare will always be the best schoolmaster, though the fees may be heavy. There is no reason to suppose that the frontier will always remain quiet, as it happens to be for the moment. After its definition in the Durand agreement of 1893 with the Amir, the boundary of Afghanistan was brought under demarcation, and our administrative frontier was similarly verified, to limit the respective spheres of influence. The tribes living in the intermediate belt of country are in perpetual dread of being absorbed by Afghanistan or the British Government; they love their independence, they know the strength of their wild hills and secluded valleys, they furnish recruits to our Indian Army, they have access to our territory, and any good or bad reason or fancy may set the frontier ablaze any day.

This work will show the difficulties which have been hitherto encountered in respect of the climate, the maintenance of communications, transport service, food supplies, the use of cavalry, rear-guard actions, the want of preparation, the neglect of precautions, ambuscades, night attacks, sniping, surprises. The general reader will find the number of names of tribes and places rather trying, but they are for the most part traceable on the excellent maps which Captain Nevill has provided. His glossary of Hindustani words and military terms will be greatly appreciated. His rendering of the word *morale* appears hardly to include the sense in which it is applied to the mental condition of a military force. There are some slight slips among the names in Appendix C. Lord Lake was not Lieutenant-General Gerard, and General Lord Hugh Gough is a misnomer; but these are small matters. Captain Nevill's book fully deserves the cordial recommendation which Lord Roberts, perhaps the greatest living authority on Indian frontier warfare, has recorded in his brief Foreword. Exception may be taken in detail by individual officers to some of Captain Nevill's accounts of particular expeditions, but no doubt can be entertained of the general value of his work.

The Thirsty Gods

Les Dieux Ont Soif. By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

SOME years ago a critic spoke of Anatole France as the Erasmus of our days. Anatole France has, at any rate, this of Erasmus beyond his learning, that he surveys the world from outside, and while he wishes it well, of course, he feels no responsibility for its mistakes and crimes, he does not groan over them or complain of them or even laugh at them, he understands and recounts them simply. In this book he tells the history of the Terror, that river of blood which was the outcome of the philosophy of Rousseau acting on a nation of half-enfranchised serfs. The old-world symbolism of the title pursues us throughout the story.

Its central figure, Evariste Gamelin, has a conscience, reason, high qualities, and sentiments; but becoming a member of the revolutionary tribunal, and believing with all his soul that a new society is coming to birth, his logic, reason, and conscience do but push him to the worst excesses of sanguinary brutality. He is ready to suffer anything for the happiness of the human race, and equally so to inflict any amount of suffering on others to the same end. Two women come into his life—Elodie, who loves him for what he is, and Mme. de Rochemaure, who is interested in the personage he has become. The latter is a woman who cannot resist the temptation to mix herself up with any political intrigue, and she brings not only her own head but those of her innocent friends to the guillotine.

The best-drawn figure in the book is Elodie, daughter of the print-seller, for whom Gamelin painted and drew. She is a charming creature, her simple wiles all bent on the pursuit of love and happiness, her devotion sharpened by a touch of fear as her lover comes to her steeped in blood. We meet an old friend, too, in the person of Maurice Brotteaux, a ruined financier, a *ci-devant* noble reduced to making children's toys for a living, one of the race of Jérôme Coignard and M. Bergeret. Reduced to the most abject misery, he remembers that life is not altogether bad, that there is beauty, the pleasure of knowledge, the memory of his happiness in a time when the art of living was at its best. He is an Epicurean; and a worn volume of Lucretius is his constant companion. He rescues in pure goodness of soul a young woman picked off the streets, and he shares his garret, at the risk of his life, with the Père de Longuemarre, who goes triumphantly to execution with one sole grief, that his judges will persist in calling him a Capuchin, whereas he is a Barnabite. Evariste follows his victims to the guillotine in the last days of the Terror, and the book ends as it began, with the simple everyday life of Paris going on placidly, unstained by the blood that soaked the ground.

Certes, Anatole France's history of the Revolution is a very different one from that of the text-books. No passionate declamations, no epic struggles, no heaving and struggling crowds press through these pages. The Terror is there indeed; we know it because every day we learn that some acquaintance is accused, or condemned, or in exile, but the daily life goes on unshadowed. A young man is pursuing a pretty girl, caught by the glance of a curl and a bright eye under a bonnet, and is cut off from her by the passage of a guarded waggon through the street; he tries to break through the horses and the guards, and fails. But this procession is the first of the revolutionary tumbrils going from the tribunal to the guillotine. And in this way Anatole France writes history as it appears to a contemporary, stripping the most important events of the consideration which they only acquired long after they had occurred. The passage of a pretty milliner was at the moment of more importance to the youth than the first stroke of the Terror. The foundation of the

terrible revolutionary tribunal brings Mme. Gamelin her daily bread.

Anatole France's books are not of a nature to encourage an undue optimism in his readers. He strips our motives one by one of all the high-sounding qualities with which we have clothed them, and brings us down to the primal motives which have influenced mankind from its birth—love and hunger. It is not flattering to our self-esteem, but, at any rate, these motives have evolved humanity from the tree-ape through the cave-man; and however we may disagree with his analysis, we must all agree that the master has lost none of his marvellous craft, and thankfully receive another masterpiece from the first and chief of the writers of to-day.

A Baskish Lexicological Grammar

The Baskish Verb: A Parsing Synopsis of the 788 Forms of the Verb in St. Luke's Gospel, from Leiçarraga's New Testament of the Year 1571. By E. S. DODGSON, M.A. (Henry Frowde. 10s. net.)

THIS volume is the latest instalment of what appears to be the life-work of its industrious author—the compilation of a Grammar of the Baskish Verb as exemplified in the "Testamentu Berria" of Leiçarraga. Its aim is wholesomely ambitious and its method pleasingly novel, and both qualities are justified by their results. Whether the Bible in any vernacular is, as a text-book, the line of least resistance to the acquisition of a language may be debatable; but a strong brief for an affirmative was drafted by Macaulay's memorable instance, and is signally endorsed by Mr. Dodgson's contributions to Heuskarian, or Baskish, scholarship. Like its predecessors, this section of the general scheme smoothes the thorny pathway to the Leiçarragan verb by helpful analyses and ample quotations from Calvin's version. One example will suffice from Luke vii, 18:—"CIETZOTEN. 2. Ind. imp. pl. 3. r. pl. r. i. s., aux act. They had them to him. ETA CONTA CIETZOTEN Ioannesi bere discipuluec gauça hauc guiac. Toutes ces choses furent annoncées à Jean par ses disciples. Καὶ ἀπήγγειλαν Ἰωάννη ὁ μαθηταὶ ἀντοῦ περὶ πάντων τούτων."

Here, as in all other instances, evidence and conclusion are presented as in a nutshell. The Greek text used here and there to parallel the Baskish, and to show its superiority to Calvin's version, is that adopted by the revisers of the A.V.; the French is Calvin's from the edition of 1566, which Leiçarraga and his co-translators consulted largely in preparing the now famous Baskish version of 1571. To English and French students possessing a working acquaintance with Greek this parallelism cannot but prove of the utmost advantage in obtaining a clear and speedy grasp of the moods and tenses of the immense Heuskarian verb. The numerous textual and foot-notes are further etymologically valuable, though they are inserted in what at

first sight may seem a somewhat quixotic fashion, in French and English alternately. The reason for this arrangement, however, is soon abundantly clear, as the book presupposes in its readers a knowledge of both languages. A good proportion of the etymologies propounded are distinctly independent fruits of the author's own researches.

In my judgment, therefore, the work is entirely *sui generis*. It is not a pendant to Van Eys's "Outlines of Basque Grammar," nor to any similar production; but is a safe and agreeable substitute—at least, in the matter of the verbs—for any one of them; a book not only for beginners, but also for the most advanced, a storehouse of invaluable reference. The author rightly calls it "A Lexicological Grammar, or a Grammatical Lexikon"; and whereas the genus grammar ordinarily repels by its complexity, this will attract by its outstanding clearness and simplicity. The service thus rendered by it to the cause of philology generally, and to the study of an ancient and curious tongue is inestimable. That mistakes should occur (such as "Show ye" for "Have ye," s.v. IETZOCVE, p. 78; "When he had to them" for "When he had them to them," s.v. CERAVZTENEAN, p. 148, etc.), and be overlooked in the proofing, in so intricate a compilation, is perhaps inevitable, and the more so because the author has had no assistance in the revision, yet is so conscientious that he has already issued a *corrigenda* thereof. Mr. Dodgson was the first to obtain from any University a degree as a reward for Bascological studies, and in the opinion of many is deserving of a still higher one. It is to be hoped, at least, that some British University or patron of learning will come forward to defray the publishing cost of the remainder of his synopsis before his eyesight and energy are on the wane, so that its full value may be realised, instead of being only partially so from the fragments already available. With reference to the note on p. 199, Mr. Dodgson has discovered that G. Jerment borrowed, directly or indirectly, his allusion to Leiçarraga's books from the "History of De Thou," as quoted by M. Julien Vinson on p. 29 of the "Bibliographie Basque."

Of Leiçarraga's classic itself it only remains to be noted that, with the exception of some objectionable Latinising, such as "murmuraten," "glorificaten," "lamentatzen," "scribuz," etc., it has, like our own A.V., long been and will remain a standard of vernacular purity of idiom and diction. England possesses four out of the twenty-seven copies extant, the finest of which lies in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. Though belonging to the first or less perfect issue or edition of 1571, the condition of its binding (embossed, gilded parchment, apparently French sixteenth century workmanship) and typography is, *me teste*, a joy to the book-lover, and Mr. Dodgson is to be congratulated upon having notified his discovery of it to European and American Bascophiles.

JOHN BERNARD McGOVERN.

Farrago and Fantasy

The Four Men: A Farrago. By H. BELLOC. (Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

The Green Overcoat. By H. BELLOC; with Illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

FOR a considerable time the reviewers have been asking Mr. Belloc for a second "Path to Rome," and perhaps this first volume, in praise of Sussex, is a result of that constant prompting; however that may be, "The Four Men" does not ascend to the excellent heights of the former book. For one thing, the redoubtable four, who meet and tramp across the county to the border, are all and each Mr. Belloc himself; they pass by the names of "Grizzlebeard," "The Sailor," "The Poet," and "Myself," but each one speaks and phrases in precisely the same style, so that the effect becomes slightly monotonous in time. The air of jollity and satire, of wide spaces and wind and sun, which we associate with Mr. Belloc's best moods, is here in plenty; so also is the tendency to indulge in huge tankards of ale, bread and cheese, the fine healthy fare of the countryside; and the best tendency of all—the desire to discuss freely all things in heaven and earth while swinging along under the open skies. And these discussions make the book worth reading, for although the voices are pitched in the same tones, the author manages to introduce points of view that vary and admit of pleasantly diversified argument.

Thus we arrive at a knowledge of what is "The Best Thing in the World"—"a mixture," according to the Poet, "wherein should be compounded and intimately mixed great wads of unexpected money, new landscapes, and the return of old loves"; according to the Sailor, "flying at full speed from pursuit, and keeping up hammer and thud and gasp and bleeding till the knees fail and the head grows dizzy, and at last we all fall down, and that thing (whatever it is) which pursues us catches us up and eats our carcases"; according to Myself, "the digging of holes and the filling of them up again" (which leads us on to a remarkable little essay, one of the fine pages of the book); and according to Grizzlebeard, who, tired of talking, turns away to clinch the argument, the best thing in the world is "sleep." With similar acceptable diversions the reader is beguiled through three hundred very pleasant pages, and, if at intervals he is moved to resent Mr. Belloc's adulation of his favourite county (having also known and loved, it may be, Cornwall, Devon, and the West, and found that Sussex is not to be mentioned in the same breath), he must remember that Mr. Belloc is a privileged person. Exaggeration so charmingly accomplished can be very easily forgiven.

If "The Four Men" is a "farrago," "The Green Overcoat" is a fantasy. It has its funny moments, the plot being started by the abduction of an overcoat on a rainy night by a storm-bound, absent-minded professor, who is thus mistaken for somebody else, is captured, and forced to sign a cheque; but 330 pages of consequences makes rather too much of a good thing. Mr. Belloc

and Mr. Chesterton have perpetrated a "lark," the only drawback being that the reader does not enjoy it as much as they apparently have done.

Music during the Victorian Era

From Mendelssohn to Wagner: Being the Memoirs of J. W. Davison. Compiled by HENRY DAVISON. Illustrated. (Wm. Reeves. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a disappointing book. It adds little or nothing of importance to our stock of information concerning music and musicians during the Victorian period. Very numerous are the volumes which have thrown light upon the subject in a fitful kind of way. Some of them are not unentertaining, though most of them are garrulous and gossipy rather than critical. We cannot call to mind any work of serious historical and critical interest which covers the ground, and such a book would be welcome. We had hoped to find something of the sort in Mr. Davison's memoirs. His reputation as a critic of music used to be considerable, and he had moved intimately in the musical world of his time. But the biographical portion of the book, extending, as it does, to 350 pages, is so diffuse, so unnecessarily laden with trivial and often irrelevant matter, that we rise from its perusal with but a confused recollection of its contents. It is as if we had been looking through a vast number of the portfolios of engravings which lie outside the second-hand bookshops of London or Paris, in the hope of discovering some one or two scarce, spirited, or interesting prints.

A number of Mr. Davison's articles from the *Times* and other journals are given at the end of the volume. They are written with a certain rather florid effectiveness, and there is no concealment of the author's opinions or predilections. Those from the *Times* are much the best, both in matter and manner. Mr. Davison was, no doubt, an able journalist, as well as an educated musician; but as a critic in the higher sense he makes but little impression now. His prejudices were very strong, yet in some of his later writings there is discernible a desire to be open-minded; though as late as 1881 he could still say to a friend, "How you can regard Schumann and Mendelssohn as equals is altogether beyond my comprehension," and "The music of 'Parsifal' is simply execrable." At an earlier day he had written of Schumann that he was "a noble failure." The letters from Berlioz are, perhaps, the most interesting in the book, and here and there are scraps of information which, at any rate, can raise a smile. To us who remember Joachim in later years it is certainly curious to read of the great man playing fantasies composed by himself on "John Anderson, My Jo," and the "Blue Bells of Scotland" at a Philharmonic concert! Jullien is a figure that attracts us in these pages, and we read with sympathy of Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren. Mr. Davison himself seems to have won the friendship and affection of many distinguished persons, but we cannot say that the impression given of him in these

memoirs is altogether pleasing. Had the editor practised more "tact of omission," he might have presented us with a more successful portrait of Mr. Davison, both as a man and as a musician, and, had he cut down his book to one-third of its size, he would still have included all that was worth preserving.

Bismarckian Diplomacy

Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871: Recueil de Documents publié par le Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, Tome V, 6 Novembre, 1864—27 Février, 1865. (Gustave Ficker, Paris.)

THE interest of the present phase of the diplomatic war between France and Prussia centres in the relations between the latter Power and Austria and in the position of the secondary and minor German States. It had become already patent to Austria that she was enacting the part of the "dindon de la farce," but she was without a leading mind, and the devotion of Francis Joseph to King William was a very doubtful asset. It is true that the leading dupe, Rechberg, had retired from the scene and been replaced by Mensdorff, and that the French diplomatists occasionally discerned in the attitude of Austria "une expectative habile," but it is impossible to read into these pages anything but her decline and impending fall.

The problem that was exercising the numerous third parties to the Danish imbroglio was to know what advantage Austria could possibly hope to get out of it. It was indeed a baffling conundrum. Bismarck, for instance, told a French representative, in a moment of confidence, that Austria could have her share in the sequestered Duchies if she liked; "mais vous connaissez la fable du Renard et de la Cigogne: notre alliée est placée bien incommodément pour jouir du repas auquel elle voudrait participer." On the subject of Venetia the German Chancellor was simply dumb. His plan was to wait to "éterniser le provisoire dans les Duchés" and elsewhere, to play, as he said himself, the successful rôle of Fabius Cunctator.

The true Austrian policy, on the other hand, was probably to bring matters to a head; energetic action could not have cost more than inertia actually did. Competent observers considered that Austria had a great chance of restoring her prestige by putting herself at the head of the secondary States, who were tired of being browbeaten by Prussia. The events leading to the evacuation of Schleswig-Holstein by the Saxon contingent are a case in point. Bismarck had told them to go, and on their refusal had threatened their country with invasion. The Diet discussed the evacuation; Austria, it seems, put Prussia in a majority on this question, to avoid one of Bismarck's "coups de tête." The Prussian Chancellor admitted afterwards that, if he had been thwarted by the Diet, "il aurait passé outre"; what is stranger still, he seems to have wished to be in a minority, in order to settle the question on his own lines.

The Cunctator policy had almost matured at the end of this period; annexation of the Duchies had become practically the only probable solution; Prussian suzerainty was almost popular in the conquered provinces, and the idea of a Prussian navy smiled on the rest of Germany. The Saxo-Bavarian attempt to form a "troisième puissance" in Germany had definitely failed. An interesting side-light is thrown on English policy; Queen Victoria seems at the outset to have exercised a decisive influence as against Palmerston in favour of Germany, and to have prevented any pro-Danish demonstration.

Shorter Reviews

The "Bookman" Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d. net.)

THERE are many much more pretentious works than this that are not half so useful or interesting. We learn that Mr. St. John Adcock has been responsible for getting it up, and we must congratulate him on the result. The photographs of the persons concerned in the late celebrations were perhaps unavoidable in such a souvenir; but they do not greatly matter. It is far more to the point that a most admirable choice displays itself in the selection of the illustrations that in some way throw light on the two personalities that have occasioned the monograph. There are few drawings or paintings, either of Keats and Shelley, or those with whom they came most intimately into contact, that are not reproduced here. In addition to this, there are also a number of special articles and poems. Some of these are reprints specially gathered together, such as sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Browning's "Memorabilia," and reminiscences by Arthur Severn. There is, in addition to this, an article on "Shelley and Keats in the Twentieth Century," by Mr. Buxton Forman, and an article that we do not recall as having seen before, by Mr. William Watson, on "Shelley as Poet." Altogether, this is a souvenir that is not as other souvenirs are. Yet it is by no means a pharaisaical, but quite a gay souvenir; and we confidently say that all those who possess it will carefully keep it against a day of need.

The Lower Depths. By MAXIM GORKY, translated by LAURENCE IRVING. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT is not a year since this play of gloom was produced at the Kingsway, but probably it is not widely remembered. In its book form, without the aid and attraction of an enthusiastic cast, "The Lower Depths" is more depressing than ever, and really M. Gorky and Mr. Irving might remember how easy it is to make us miserable, and how much more worth while it is to re-

form us by some kind of subtle entertainment. Such a picture of the lives and misfortunes of a group of tatterdemalions may, of course, show the highest art, but in this case the gross agony is too full for the work to be one of real distinction. There is, doubtless, a class of mind—simple and curious—that will delight in this style of drama, but to the experienced and the critical, the balanced and the knowing, "The Lower Depths" lacks the beauty which should underlie every work of art, however coarse or however refined its subject. That it is a brilliant study in its particular class is already well known. That it is a high form of art we beg to doubt. Mr. Irving's translation may be a very just and true one, but it does not always convince, and, of course, he does nothing to add beauty to the original. We are inclined to quote "Satine's" last line when we think of this example of Gorky's work: "Ah! . . . he's spoiled the song. . . ." Life is not quite such a terror as "The Lower Depths" would lead the reader to suppose.

The Girls' School Year Book, 1912. (The Year Book Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Matriculation Directory, June, 1912. (Burlington House, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

The Social Guide, 1912. Edited by MRS. HUGH ADAMS and EDITH A. BROWNE. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE object of "The Girls' School Year Book" is "to provide a record, at once comprehensive and concise, of all matters of interest to parents, school-mistresses and girls in connection with Secondary Education." From a cursory glance through the 640 closely printed pages of the volume it would appear that the intention of the compilers has been exceedingly well carried out. Part I deals in considerable detail with the principal schools for girls in Great Britain. The schools are arranged in alphabetical order, and a short description is given of each one. Part II is a most useful portion of the book, as it deals with the future career of girls when they leave school. We would here like to make a suggestion that some indication of the contents of this second portion should be given either in the title or sub-title of the book, as it is a most handy and complete guide to the various occupations now open to women.

The "Matriculation Directory" contains the list of examination questions set for candidates in June last, and will be of interest to intending candidates for future examinations.

"The Social Guide" contains a well-arranged calendar of all events that have taken or are likely to take place during the present year. Particulars are also given of all large associations in connection with social life, together with many pages on sport of all kinds. It should prove a most handy reference book to all visitors to London, as well as to the resident population, as it supplies information with regard to prices, requisite dress, and means of access to those functions so intimately associated with London's amusements.

Fiction

The Woman Between. By EDMUND BOSANQUET. (John Long. 6s.)

A SUGGESTION was put forward some time ago by a literary critic to the effect that Shakespeare's plays, if modernised by capable hands, would make better novels than the average output of publishing houses of to-day. The author of "The Woman Between" has stopped at eighteenth century drama instead of going as far back as Shakespeare, has brought forward the men and women of that time into the atmosphere of twentieth century life, and has produced a really creditable story by this means. The hero, Ned, although a most modern guardsman, has no place in twentieth century life really: he is the impetuous, warm-hearted Irishman of one hundred and fifty years ago. Philip, the villain, incidentally a Napoleon of finance, would figure equally well in eighteenth century dress, and the heroine is a modernised edition of the damsels who haunted Vauxhall and like places in their palmy fashionable days.

The scheme succeeds, and we are very much interested in these people and their doings. The story is told in a most engaging style, and its only weak point, as far as we can see, is the sudden conversion—albeit by rather drastic methods—of Philip to comparative morality and respectability. It seems hardly credible, bearing in view the attitude which he maintains for three-quarters of the story, that he should develop complaisance with the views of more respectable people, no matter what pressure might be brought to bear on him, but we console ourselves by reflecting that perhaps he went back to his old ways after the last chapter, in which the hero and heroine escape beyond his reach.

We credit the author with a rather fine sense of humour in some parts of this work, and with an excellent gift of characterisation throughout. Some of his minor characters—notably the squire and his wife, are admirably drawn. It is, on the whole, a very interesting story, and well told at that.

Cairn Lodge. By ANTOINE LE BOROVSKI. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. net.)

WE learn from an announcement of the publishers in *The Author* that the writer of this blood-curdling "shocker," which is dedicated, by the way, "To my distinguished father," is a woman. We wonder how that distinguished parent received this mark of filial regard, for we doubt if any man of sense and sensibility, let alone distinction, could welcome with joy such a production as the work before us. The wrapper bears an illustration depicting a muscular young woman in the act of gripping a prostrate old man by the throat, which may, perhaps, attract readers with morbid minds. Those, however, whose nerves are not strong will rightly regard it as a warning to avoid such an extremely unpleasant place as Cairn Lodge. It is true that nothing very gruesome occurs there during the earlier part of

the narrative, but the latter half of the book positively bristles with horrors. The authoress shows some little skill in sketching sundry types of shabby, impoverished gentlefolk, but we cannot praise her delineation of her chief characters, who comprise a bibulous and degraded old satyr, the said satyr's daughter, and one of the daughter's girl-friends, whom the satyr persecutes with loathsome attentions after previously frightening his poor old wife to death. Both this hoary old scoundrel and his implacable daughter are very much overdrawn; they do not resemble human beings, and we can take no interest in them. If nightmare were a desirable thing, "Cairn Lodge" might be deserving of commendation, but as horrible visitations in one's sleep are usually unwelcome, we feel it only right to warn impressionable people against this two-shilling effusion of a distinguished female Borovskian mind.

Wings of Love. By C. RANGER GULL. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

WERE it not for the fact that an airship is introduced into the opening chapters of this book, and that an airship race forms almost the last incident of the story, it could well be imagined that the author had taken us back to fiction of the harmless novelette type. There is the young and beautiful heroine who is hidden from public gaze by two unscrupulous persons until she shall attain her majority, when she is to be handed over with her fortune to a dissolute old Greek; there is the scheming and desperate woman who loves the hero; and there is the brave and noble hero. Seeing beauty in distress (the lady has scrambled down some trelliswork from a room at the top of the house in which she was locked), the hero promptly carries off the heroine in his aeroplane, and swears that he will guard her for evermore. The fight then begins in real earnest between the wonderful hero and the unscrupulous ruffians aided by the fair lady whose overtures the hero has rejected. Adventure after adventure is gone through, but an air of unreality hangs over the whole book. It is expected that when great matters are at stake the ordinary methods of detection will be surpassed, but when we are asked to believe that a man is placed in a coffin and motored from London to Brighton, and there threatened and tortured because he will not renounce all claim to the girl he loves, we think that the author is asking too much of the reader's credulity. To those who like a touch of the improbable with their romance, the book may possibly appeal, but for a modern story the methods savour far too much of the apocryphal adventures of a Deadwood Dick, Ned Kelly, or Dick Turpin.

The Grey Terrace. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

ANOTHER story of Cornwall from the author of "The Horseshoe" is welcome, though the plot, in some particulars, is rather strained, and one or two of the characters are not quite natural. Keith Trent, a young doctor, strikes a man in a London slum and finds that the man has died in his fall; Keith's friend Jeanne, also

a doctor, certifies that the fall was not the cause of death, but the tender-hearted Keith is oppressed terribly by his deed. And when, later, he acts as *locum tenens* for a friend in Cornwall, and loses his heart to a girl who has said in his hearing that she would never have anything to do with a man who had killed another, the story begins to fascinate the reader. Its faults are precisely those which we indicated in Mrs. Reynolds' previous book; among them an irritating insistence upon needless minutiae, such as the following:—

Miss Patty was not apparently reading her companion's expression; instead, she was busy fitting the fingers of one hand exactly to those of the other. Either Miss Patty was nervous or her hands failed to pair, for the fitting process seemed fraught with difficulty.

And a little farther on we learn that "she had given up the unequal contest with her hands, that were clearly not a pair." This sort of thing is maddening when it occurs in a really good story by an author who ought to know better. Apart from these complaints, we can recommend "The Grey Terrace"; though never exciting, it is consistently interesting.

Elsie Lindtner. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Authorised Translation by BEATRICE MARSHALL. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE woman whose name gives the title to the present book is a very different character from the one we knew in "The Dangerous Age." The Elsie who left her husband's house in pursuit of the solitude of which she so soon tired was a person with whose selfish outlook the normal woman could have little sympathy. Elsie, as she reveals herself in the sequel to the previous book, is one for whom the reader can feel compassion, even though he may think her ideas mistaken. There is a glimpse of the true woman shining through the clouds of error, and a faint suggestion of the very human feeling of remorse for the mistakes she made when she renounced her rightful protector. A soul cannot be wholly lost which in its acute loneliness and despair looks round to see what joy it can bring into the lives of others; and in following the fortunes of her maid, and in the adoption of a small street urchin, Elsie finds consolation and a certain amount of happiness. At times the story rises to a certain lofty pinnacle, but the telling of so much of it by a series of letters is apt to detract somewhat from its force. We hope that the next book from the clever pen of Karin Michaelis will contain some laughter and fewer tears.

The Theatre

The Irish Players

WE have been very glad to notice in the Press that several writers have protested strongly against the barbarism of a number of boors who came ruthlessly tramping in across the beauty of "Riders to the Sea" at the Court Theatre. We have

more than once thought that this play should not be given at the opening of a programme. Each time we have seen it, it has been largely marred in this way. But this year it was terrible. Nearly all the way through the progress of the play, people in evening dress (one acquits the pit from the courtesy) came flocking in, whispering, and throwing down their seats with a loud clatter. The vandalism was all the worse because of the charm of the piece. We do not know a moment of such intense and harrowing beauty in the theatre as when Maurya sprinkles the holy water over her son's dead body and laments her great lament. Miss Sara Allgood's interpretation of the part is one of the very great things that the Irish Players have to give us. This year she seemed rather more to be seeking her effect; but this probably was owing to the courtesy that we have already referred to. And when she returns to her lament at the conclusion of the play, the extra strain was noticeable. We have always considered this return to be one of the great faults of the play (the other being a feeling that the illusion of time had been strained), because it is not possible that the human mind may twice within so short a period return to so poignant a pain. And when one felt a slight strain in the acting, the effect was the more pronounced. Nevertheless, for pure beauty, such beauty as is so high that it draws the mind tense with terror of a holy kind, "Riders to the Sea" stands out as incomparably Synge's loftiest piece of work. And Miss Sara Allgood as Maurya, in a moment of quiet, strong acting, realised for one the possibilities of that beauty.

Another such moment is the interpretation by Miss Eileen O'Doherty of the mother in "Birthright." She and Mr. Sydney Morgan as Maurya and Batt Morrissey have to carry the main burden of that fine play, while Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Kerrigan as Hugh and Shane, the central figures of the action, make as fine a combination as could be wished. Each actor seems so suited to his part that it would be difficult to conceive of any other combination. The earthy strength and brutality of Batt, bitter in the realisation of the fact that each sod of earth on his farm is heavy with his sweat; Maurya, the housewife and mother, tenderly thoughtful of all, anxious to keep peace, and always unconsciously remembering the fact that her blood is gentler than her husband's; Hugh, who is his mother's own son, a boy striking for leadership and learning, and not at all the farmer by instinct; Shane, the younger son, who is precisely what his brother is not, a source of pride to his father (whereas his brother is only a source of pride to his mother), and who feels keenly, in his strong stubborn way, that it is his brother who is his mother's favourite, not himself: that is a combination that compels our sympathy in each unit of it. We can become separately identified with each. For the father it is right that Shane should be his successor in the farm, not Hugh, who is not a farmer, and of whom he is openly contemptuous. Yet the birthright is Hugh's, and it is inconceivable to the mother that it should be otherwise. All this is quite consummately done. For

a first play, Mr. Murray shows the instinct of the dramatist in very pure quality. It is only at the moment of the crisis that he makes a slight mistake—though, to be sure, it is permissible enough. For when Hugh calls out on Shane that he is a "grabber," it is exceedingly doubtful if anyone without local knowledge would realise the bitter flavour of the word. One feels that it has a strong significance that can only be called local, but not the full meaning of it. That is unavoidable, perhaps. It must compel its own way, and ring an increasing conviction with time. The conclusion is as inevitable as it is tense, however, and that is very high praise.

We have already said in these columns that "Birthright" reads as strongly as it plays. To that we hold. But in that fact there is one fault that Mr. Murray needs, it seems to us, to attend to: a fault that shows itself more fully in "Maurice Harte." For to say of "Birthright" that it reads as strongly as it plays is not a very exact way of speaking. It may mean that its strength is apparent in the words; it may also mean that the words themselves have literary strength and virtue in their choice and arrangement. It is in the first sense that the words are to be understood in this case, and in that we imply a certain criticism of Mr. Murray's plays. It is an indisputable fact that no play wins itself through to permanent attention if it have not a literary excellence apart from the acting. And it is an equally indisputable fact that all plays that do not win themselves through in this way are a form of dramatic journalism. We cannot speak more highly of Mr. Murray than to say that the author of "Birthright" clearly does not intend merely to be such a dramatic journalist. Indeed, unless we much mistake, and if it has not discarded its intention and inspiration, the Abbey Theatre does not exist for the mere purpose of dramatic journalism, though as time proceeds the pull will inevitably be in that direction. But "Birthright" does call for a beauty of phrase, of word and cadence, that shall make its separate portions as memorable as its whole. Nevertheless, it stands out with "Riders to the Sea" in the purifying and exalting quality of its last great moment.

This year, after the struggle of the brothers, the end was quite unaccountably rushed. It is, as we conceive it, a great mistake. After the entry of Shane in the last act, the pace, despite one or two retardations for the purpose of a gathered impetus, should quicken and hasten until the fierce impetuous struggle of the brothers. Then the whole rush should halt, and the play should proceed with the slow deliberation of horror to the close. It is not necessary to say why. The logic of it in the emotions is surely self-evident. Instead of which, this year, after the pause when Shane discovers the terrible thing he has unwittingly done, the fast pace of the penultimate movement is continued to the end.

We have alluded to these two plays together because they both, in their wholly different ways, fulfil the great demand of tragedy. They both purify; they both exalt. In the modern misuse of words, which is always

the result of debasement, tragedy has come to be thought of as identical with calamity. Yet they are vastly different things; and many and many a play that is called a tragedy is no more than a calamity—often in more senses of the word than one. When people, therefore, say that they have no wish for tragedy, often they mean no more than that they have a healthy objection to calamity. Certainly the quiet moments of awe at the conclusions of both these plays did not arise from distaste: they arose from exaltation and the hush of the purifying mood: and to have recovered that in the theatre is a splendid achievement.

Two Plays at King's Hall

THE Theosophical Art Circle, presumably as an incentive and an encouragement to us to join the revolt against the materialism of the present age, produced two plays by Clifford Bax at the King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden, on Saturday evening last. The first of these, "Echo and Narcissus," was described as "a mystical interpretation of the Greek fable" associated with Narcissus' realisation of his love for Echo. Unfortunately, both from theosophical and artistic standpoints, the requisite lyrical atmosphere could not be attained by a weak company upon the stage. The transference of the imagination from the echoing boards of the National Sporting Club to a wooded vale in Arcady became a question of self-deceit. With the exception of Miss Gwendolen Bishop, who said her lines with great point and feeling, the elocution was poor and the interpretation feeble.

In "The Marriage of the Soul," an Egyptian mystery play, Mr. Bax, who is the author of "The Poetasters of Ispahan," the curtain-raiser at the Criterion Theatre, realised to a much greater extent the limits of symbolic treatment upon the stage. In the first scene a young priest wishes to renounce his vows because the sunshine of love has entered his heart. But it is too late—a funeral cortège is heard approaching the sepulchre, and the youth must once again recite the litany: at its conclusion he learns that the departed was his beloved! The second scene was set in the Hall of Double Judgment, and the soul of the departed priestess is about to be weighed in the scales of eternal justice. Her soul is lighter than a feather, there is no dross; the future is now for her to choose. She does not return to earth to search for her lamenting lover, but goes to the arms of Osiris. Mr. Robert Farquharson gave an impressive rendering of the character of the young priest, and the whole production attained a far higher level than the former play. During the evening Miss Mavis Yorke and a company of child dancers delighted the audience with a series of woodland dances. Mention must be made of Miss Yorke's solo effort, "The Moth," to music by MacDowell. The plays were produced by Miss Gwendolen Bishop.

The Earl's Court Tourney

FAIR ladies and gallant knights, glowing costumes and shining armour, prancing horses and nodding plumes, lofty grey battlements and a vast arena—what more could you wish, should your mind feel inclined to wander back a few centuries along the ages? Certainly the spectacular effect of the rehearsal left nothing to be desired. Under the vigilant eye of Mr. F. R. Benson and of Lord Lonsdale—who, although in twentieth century costume, cut a very fine figure on his splendid bay horse—the procession of knights and ladies came and went; varlets hastened to and fro, and the Queen of Beauty, enthroned, was borne in on the sturdy shoulders of her henchmen. The mounted quadrille, in which so many ladies and men of note took part, was carried out practically without a hitch, producing an effect that was perfectly entrancing. Concerning the main feature of the spectacle, the tilting itself, opinions varied. There were knights who dashed with enthusiasm into the lists, and broke their spears right gallantly upon the iron breasts of their opponents. There were others who ambled into the fray surely, but very slowly, and who, indeed, seemed rather in doubt as to whether the weapon in their hand should be treated as a lance or as an agricultural implement. Perhaps this was scarcely to be wondered at, considering the temperature which must have prevailed within those mailed suits. In any case, the real majesty of the entire spectacle was one to be remembered. What a pity that such picturesque folk as these cannot be let loose in the Piccadilly of to-day! We have advanced in many ways, but not in the matter of costume.

A Master of Pageantry at "Shakespeare's England."

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THAT historical painting, which was until lately held to be of the first rank in the art of colour, has been reduced to its fit and proper rank—and that not the highest rank—is no reason why it should now be sneered away as if not in the province of art at all. If historical writing, whether in drama or other literary form, shall be, and most fitly is, an important realm of art, then of a surety it is a legitimate province of painting that history should also be legitimately reconstructed to appeal to the imagination through the sense of vision. We are much inclined to overlook this fact to-day. Such being so, let us note at the same time that mere historical accuracy of detail cannot create art; it must be so employed that the artist uses it simply as part of the battery of the craft whereby he creates emotional illusion—in other words, the reconstruction of the past must be wrought in such skilful fashion that, whilst we are never fretted by the wrongness of detail, we are made to visualise the spirit of the past as

a reality, not as a museum fact. No man living is more richly gifted with this artistic skill than the veteran Royal Academician, Seymour Lucas. Yet by that strange oversight that seems to miss all significance in our native genius, his gifts are neglected and honours pass by him.

When State pictures of Royal events and suchlike pageantry are commanded, it seems pathetic that to incompetent artists is given the pictorial record of our mighty history, when so gifted a man as Seymour Lucas is amongst us for the achievement of it. Of so imaginative a poet as Brangwyn it may be said—and with justice—that his poetic record of a great event of State would sacrifice mere detail to the great dominant spirit of the affair. It may sound quaint criticism, but it is, on the other hand, legitimate criticism. Beside Brangwyn, of course, Seymour Lucas cannot be placed, whether for power or poetic gifts. Of Seymour Lucas, however, even whilst he would record the spirit before the detail, it must be said that, at any rate, he would do so without recklessness. And surely it would make for splendour to have the spirit dominant—the higher truth of the thing—rather than the bald commonplace coloured records such as afflict the Royal collections! What this artist could have made of State pictures it is easy to realise when we survey the consummate judgment of the man in the reconstruction of "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court—the most successful piece of the historical pageantry of England that it has yet been our lot to look upon—to say nothing of the finely designed and well-arrayed tourney that has been the talk of London. It is a thousand pities that this reconstruction of the Tudor tourney was only permitted to the ken of so exclusive an audience as was allowed to be present—for its excellence deserved a wide public. There may have been a shrinking in the minds of the descendants of some of the great historic houses of the land lest they should have been seen at play by the populace; but so finely wrought a performance put it above all dread of assault. However that may be, its achievement places it amongst the most brilliant reconstructions of the life of the past that it would be well possible to imagine.

The tourney, to touch upon the exclusive event first, was not without its ironies, its surprises, and its mishaps. The chief defect—an innate defect—was that, being merely an artistic reconstruction, the tilting of necessity lacked the reality, the pace, and the passion even of the joust; but it is the function of art to give the impression, not the mere reality; and the impression was skilfully achieved. "The Miracle" taught us much; and that the tourney had benefited thereby was obvious to the critical. Of the ironies was the strange fact that, whilst so tried and able an actor as Mr. Benson could not deliver his words so that they could be heard by the vast audience, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West spoke her lines with such remarkable power and clarity that not a word was missed from end to end of the huge place; not an inflection of the voice but was firmly uttered. But supreme above all other achievements was the craftsman-

ship of the man who had designed the costumes—the bays were with Seymour Lucas.

One could not help being struck again and again throughout by the freedom from tawdry, incompetent, or weak patches. The very men-at-arms who stand before the doors of the theatre or suchlike places are convincing. The brilliant woman who initiated this tribute to England's greatest son revealed her most able capacity in selecting the ideal man to fulfil her design; and it speaks well for her insight that she drew forth the modest personality of Seymour Lucas, and revealed his remarkable gifts to a public who had probably scant idea of these gifts.

Yet, as one looks back upon his career and record, it seems extraordinary that others of lesser gifts should have been honoured by the State, and Seymour Lucas passed by. The most scholarly member of the Royal Academy in all that relates to historical research and knowledge, the supreme authority on costume now living, perhaps about as fine an authority on armour, a man whose opinion is well-nigh final upon the history of furniture, it is a fit moment to remember that Seymour Lucas came to eminence at an early age as an historical painter. His "Gordon Riots" revealed him not only a scholar, but an artist gifted with powers to utter history in terms of the senses. He seems, like many others, to have been driven to portraiture, when his mastery lay in far other fields, wherein was scant harvest or career; and his dogged pursuit and scholarly habits had almost seemed to have made for obliteration when the modern vogue for pageant brought forth to blossom again the qualities of an artist who, if the State has been justified in its tributes to other painters, should certainly have been honoured.

There will be ever-increasing desire amongst our peoples, whether home or Colonial born, or our kin across the sea in the great English-speaking Republic, to pay homage to the genius of Britain's immortal son as the day of his tercentenary approaches; but of all the pageants in his honour it will be difficult to better the historical reconstruction of "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court. And whilst all praise is due to the initiative of the brilliant woman who schemed out its achievement, the bays rest with her lieutenant, the man who has designed it all with rare skill—Seymour Lucas.

In any country with a Minister of Fine Arts, such a scholarly artist as this must have received honours from the State; but we seem to muddle on, and discourage even the few able Academicians, whilst the very servants of the Academy are knighted, and great gifts of modern art are refused by those officially appointed to administer the arts, in order that the French national collections may be enriched. City gentlemen whose sole claim to title is that they have benefited themselves by commerce are dubbed freely; but the men of national significance—those who have laboured to utter all that is significant in the life of the race—the artists, whether painters or writers—indeed, the poets in whatever medium—are passed by! We are a strange people, most wonderfully planned.

Some Recent French Books

ACH year, in July, the schools of France witness a touching or imposing fête, according to their importance, when the distribution of prizes takes place. In a very small school, situated in the old village of Nouvion-en-Thiérache, in the department of Aisne, the annual solemnity of prize day assumes quite a familiar and one may even say patriarchal character. For it is M. Ernest Lavisse, director of the Ecole Normale, member of the Académie, and one of the leading French professors of the University, who presides at the little intimate fête. He insists on being present each year at the *distribution de prix* of the quaint little school, where, long ago, he used to sit as pupil on the well-worn forms. And can any picture be more touching than that of a universally known and admired student, the first professor of France, presiding over the distribution of prizes of one of the least important schools? No doubt, when M. Lavisse finds himself in the midst of all of those little villagers, he lives over again his childhood and early youth. It is therefore hardly surprising that he should have conceived the idea, in his later life, of publishing these recollections, "Souvenirs" (Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50c.).

M. Lavisse sketches the fleeting impressions of his youth in the clear, concise style which has greatly contributed to his reputation as historian. It is curious to note that he probably derived his love of history from the thrilling stories his grandparents used to tell him in his childhood. For they had been eye-witnesses of Napoleon's wars. They had seen the Prussians and the Cossacks; they had lived through days of terror and anguish. And it is not presumptuous to presume that it was to their vivid descriptions of the glorious Napoleonic era M. Lavisse must surely owe that love of history he has ever since retained. Everybody who claims to be more or less of a student has read, or at least has heard, of his important historical works; his "Origines de la Monarchie Prussienne" and his "Essai sur la Jeunesse de Frédéric II." may justly claim to be modern classics. It is therefore not astonishing that, whilst applying his talent to the analysis of self and of the influences which all contributed towards forming the spirit he actually possesses, M. Lavisse should have shown the same qualities which characterise all his greater works. And surely there can be no more pleasant pastime than that of reading pages written by one who, having attained his full intellectual maturity, sketches, in the autumn of his life, with exquisite sincerity, and with evident pleasure, the recollections of his youth.

Automobilism has, in almost every country, given birth to a new literature, which at first rather puzzled and bewildered us, but with which we are at present quite familiar and which we even enjoy. This literature is not nearly as voluminous in France as it is in England; nevertheless, it has made considerable progress, thanks to Henry Kistemeckers, Maurice Leblanc, and R. A. Schayé. This last-named author has just pub-

lished a most amusing book called "A l'Etape" (Bibliothèque Omnia. 3fr. 50c.), in which, in a series of short chapters, he sketches the little comedies and tragedies apt to befall automobilists. The mishaps of the road are fully described, and one guesses that M. Schayé, besides being a brilliant barrister, is also a first-class motorist. It would be difficult to analyse this little book, replete with humour. It is sufficient to say that it reveals a very deep knowledge of the psychology of the motor, which, after woman, would appear to be the most bewildering, maddening, contradictory, yet withal fascinating entity in all creation! Among other recent works, "Au Maroc" (Bernard Grasset. 3fr. 50c.), by M. Gustave Babin, presents an undeniable interest. M. Babin knows Morocco as very few Europeans know it. He has even approached the Sultan, and he narrates several conversations he had with Mulai-Hafid. It seems that this interesting personage possesses a far more complex psychology than is generally believed, and that he may be reserving some pleasant surprises for France. M. Gustave Babin's book will greatly help those not quite familiar with the Moroccan question to grasp it thoroughly.

The *Illustration* published last winter, with a number of interesting photographs, Pierre Loti's description of his pilgrimage to the ruins of Angkor. This remarkable work has just been presented in book form by Calmann-Lévy (3fr. 50c.), and has very naturally attracted the attention it deserves. It is curious to note that in "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor," as in all his other works, Loti does not so much give us a detailed description of the marvels he has had the privilege of seeing; he rather describes his "état d'esprit" at a particular moment. We must not complain, however, of this continual analysis of self, subject to the influences of different climates, art, atmosphere, or even sentiments, for it is the medium through which the inimitable writer and exquisite colourist reveals to us as no other has ever done—excepting, perhaps, Lafcadio Hearn, and even then in quite a different way—the incomparable charm and melancholy of the tropics. The dominant note in all Pierre Loti's work is a serene sadness, and this characteristic is nowhere so noticeable as in "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor." The first chapter of the book, in which he speaks of his childish dream of seeing the "evening star rise over the ruins of Angkor," contains some of the most deliciously intimate, sincere, and simple pages the great prose poet has ever written. And we follow him as he guides us up along the rivers of Siam and Cambodia, under the drooping boughs of rare trees, all alive with the chattering of marvellous birds, to the vast, terrifying, imposing ruins of Angkor—glorious remains of a glorious civilisation, which the tropical forests seem to have furiously and silently swallowed up.

We cannot help regretting that M. Loti has indulged in so many repetitions, and that he should have been so hypnotised by the bats which dwell in the sombre galleries peopled by ghastly statues of decapitated or mutilated gods. Those nocturnal hauntings of the disused sanctuaries have impressed M. Loti to a rather

unusual and unnecessary degree. On nearly every page the word *bat* occurs, accompanied by various adjectives, producing at length a really painful impression of heaviness and monotony. M. Loti should remember that *couleur locale* is not to be abused. In the last chapter of "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor" the author gives vent to the melancholy with which his soul is tinged, and to the intense spiritual unrest he has brought home from his innumerable voyages. He declares that the belief he has culled from the countless temples and shrines he has visited in all parts of the earth is the conviction of the sovereign existence of a God of Pity. If he had never written anything but the first and last chapters of this remarkable book, he would nevertheless have achieved immortality.

Mademoiselle Judith Cladel has drawn a curious and conscientious portrait of Mademoiselle de La Vallière in the collection of the "Femmes Illustres" (Nilsson. 3fr. 50c.). She presents her heroine under a very favourable light, and expresses the utmost sympathy for the charming *favorite's* agitated life. And, indeed, as drawn by Mademoiselle Cladel, the personality of La Vallière is a most touching one. Her great and unfaltering love for the King has something of the sublime about it, and makes one momentarily forget her baser characteristics. But her end redeems her whole life, and the pages in which the authoress depicts La Vallière's admission into the Carmelite Convent and her humble life there until a very advanced age, are extremely interesting, on account of the details and analysis of character they contain. Mademoiselle Cladel is a conscientious, clever writer, possessing keen analytical qualities, somewhat lacking, perhaps, in fantasy and originality. Her book will nevertheless remain a precious document of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. In the same series, "Ninon de Lenclos," an anecdotal biography of the famous *courtisane* by M. Emile Magne, also deserves mention. It is full of amusing details, and it will form agreeable holiday reading—but only for "grown-ups"!

There has been a rich harvest of novels lately, and "Le Ressac" (Bernard Grasset. 3fr. 50c.), by Camille Mallarmé, ranks certainly among the best. It contains some remarkable descriptions of Italy, being quite personal and showing keen observation. The psychological part of the novel is far inferior to the descriptive part. The heroine, though posing as having Anglo-Saxon tendencies, is rather incomprehensible. But as "Le Ressac" is a first book, it augurs well for the future, when Camille Mallarmé will have learnt, let us hope, to discriminate more clearly the flowers from the weeds which grow so abundantly in the garden of her imagination.

M. Georges Soulié has adapted into French an authentic Chinese novel called "Lotus d'Or" (Fasquelle. 3fr. 50c.), belonging to the seventeenth century. And he tells us in his preface that nothing has changed in Chinese social life since the time this work was written. Thus we are initiated to the intimate existence of a Chinese household, and we had better warn those per-

sons who fear to have their moral susceptibilities ruffled or astonished that they would do better to continue to ignore the characteristics of conjugal relations in China. Lotus d'Or, the heroine, is a most alarming young person, whose chief virtue consists in not possessing any! Her husband, Simen the Glorious, is the happy owner of several such charming young spouses, and his polygamy has the deplorable result of bringing about his premature death.

It is indisputable that this book fills quite an important void in the general literature of to-day, and it is a faithful, exact painting of Chinese life, mentality, and sentimentality. It contains, moreover, some exquisite specimens of Chinese poetry, and the language and form of the whole work have a grace and colouring differing so essentially from those of our own literature that it proves irresistibly attractive. M. Georges Soulié has retained in his able translation all the charm of the Oriental phraseology and metaphors. This is, perhaps, the best praise we can bestow upon him, and let us hope he will soon initiate us to other Chinese novels, treating of "life, love, and hatred."

MARC LOGÉ.

English Character Seen Through Italian Spectacles.—I

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

IF we in England have not succeeded in carrying out the injunction proclaimed by the Roman satirist to have proceeded from Heaven, "Know thyself," it is surely not from lack of instructors. From the Middle Ages down to the present day our national character has interested foreigners, who have described their impressions of us from different points of view. It cannot be said that our characters or our prospects as envisaged by the eyes of our Teutonic cousins and lately displayed to the world through German spectacles are particularly calculated to foster on our part an attitude of contented complacency. Perhaps kinsmen are more nearly aware of each other's shortcomings than complete strangers.

A study of our nation has lately been written by the Italian author, Signor Bevione,* who is well known as a diligent student of different nationalities, whose characters and institutions he is interpreting to his own countrymen. He takes, on the whole, a more favourable view of our country and ourselves than that expressed lately in the books of our Teutonic and American kinsmen. This is the more gratifying, since Mr. Bagot has recently assured us that the Italians as a nation very strongly resent what they allege to be the sentiment of the ordinary Englishman as regards Italy and the Italians, namely, an antiquarian curiosity, as distinguished from a wish to become acquainted with the aspirations of a young nation with a passion for modernity. Our author can hardly find words strong

* *L'Inghilterra d'Oggi. La Civiltà Contemporanea.*
No. 5. (Fratelli Bocca, Turin. 5s.)

enough to express his wonderment at the energy and movement of London:—

It is the city which more than any other in the world awakes the strongest admiration, and imparts the most lasting store of reminiscences. It has small beauty, but an expression of incalculable strength. Traffic, movement and noise: these three form the sensible expression of the great Anglo-Saxon characteristic—a passion for work. The basic virtue, the irrepressible instinct of the Englishman is to surmount all difficulties, to devote his labours unceasingly to the extraction of all that the earth has to yield, to minister thereby to his wealth and his pleasures. The flaccid laziness characteristic of the slums in Latin cities has no leisure here to mature.

It seems far from impossible that some of the measures lately taken by an ultra-philanthropic Government might accord some leisure for this characteristically Latin quality to flourish on our own soil, where, according to symptoms already manifesting themselves, a disinclination to labour may be easily fostered.

When the Englishman of any class of society amuses himself, he never becomes excited, voluble, or nervous; he regards enjoyment as an unpleasant but healthful drug. He remains calm, cold, rigid and intent, as if he had to fulfil a duty and intended to fulfil it thoroughly and exhaustively. I have seen a young lady taking notes in a music-hall precisely as she would do at a university lecture.

The secret of this solemn performance of duty upon all occasions is that the English, more than other nations, are given to respect the promptings of conscience, though it is to be regretted that the younger generation is far more slack with regard to the obligations of duty than its predecessors.

The author describes an excursion made in a house-boat on the Norfolk Broads, which struck him as the scene of a beauty wholly unknown in Italy. "The water, on which the excursion is made, becomes, in accordance with the definition of Pascal, a road which travels. It fulfils the aspirations of Daudet to travel over the world in a home on wheels." The frank and merry way in which his fellow excursionists enjoyed themselves seems to have surprised him, as well as the freedom accorded to the girls, who, however, unlike the girls of Italy, never seem to take any work, such as sewing or embroidery, to employ them in their outings. The songs sung by the trippers were presumably negro melodies; our author describes them as destitute of pathos, melody and beauty of any description. The enormous quantity of light literature brought on the excursion by the gentlemen of the party constituted a greater mass of reading than an Italian Professor gets through in a year.

The state of London streets at night, and the miserable figures of the poor wretches reposing *al fresco* on the Embankment, fills him with astonishment. He thinks that the capacity of the London police, which on the Continent is rated extraordinarily high (mainly

owing to the popularity of Conan Doyle's novels), is much over-rated, and he cites numerous cases of crimes whose authors remain undetected; in short, he maintains that the *flair* of the police of Paris is more acute than that of our force. He notes with surprise the astonishing number of houses to let in London, especially in Mayfair, which he attributes to the spirit of restlessness prevalent at the present time among the English people. Hosts and hostesses prefer to give their entertainments at the new monster hotels, which seem to him the most luxurious palaces to be found in the world. The English home is growing daily less home-like. Even the London clubs, which excited the envy of the Continental world, are feeling to their cost the attraction of the even more luxurious hotels. The abandonment or decadence of the popularity of the best clubs is, according to our author, as much to be deplored as that of our home life; for in the sober and cultured atmosphere of these time-honoured institutions men with brains can meet and discuss high questions of politics, literature and conduct; and never was serious discussion more needed than at the present day, when America and Germany are earnestly endeavouring to wrest the commercial and naval supremacy from the hands of the old country who fancied herself supreme in both.

The horrors of London stand forth in lurid light in contrast to the almost perfect comforts possible in England to the very rich. The squalid and pestilential dwellings of our slums, baby-farming, the wholesale deaths of infants owing to ignorance or neglect, the brutality of drunken husbands and drunken wives to each other and to their families, strike the foreigner as almost incredible. As a relief to this painful and squalid picture of submerged humanity is to be set the universal joy and merriment of bank holidays, when weary clerks by the thousand quit their desks for a day and flock to the seaside to bathe in that Ocean which our Italian deems to appeal sentimentally to every Englishman.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review* this month Mr. Henry Savage writes some wise and kindly few words on Richard Middleton. He does not attempt any kind of an estimate; and he is discreet in this. It is never kind to say of a poet that his prose is better than his verse; and we will not say this of Middleton, although it seems an obvious thing to say at the moment; but prose has a habit of staling and poetry a habit of freshening; and the most obvious things are not generally the most true. We venture to think this will prove itself to be the case with Middleton's work. As a poet his rank may not be high; for he did not make his work intensive and spiritually memorable. He won to a smaller field of song; but he was a poet. Mr. Savage's short

testimony is conceived excellently, and is a timely tribute. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has an entertaining article in the same magazine that he entitles "This Desirable Planet to Let." It is a typical essay from the same pen that wrote, some time ago, a few worthy ideals for millionaires. The planet is, of course, the earth; and those who desire to dispose of it are its owners, Messrs. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and Co. In the course of his article he makes some just strictures on those "few foolish old men" in Stockholm who dispense each year eight thousand pounds as "a mere colossal kindly doddering old-age pension," and who invariably pick out just those who do not want it, and whose works, contrary, of course, to the original intention of its donor, are clearly not of an idealistic nature. Mr. John Galsworthy writes a "Meditation on Finality." One of the most curious changes in recent literary history is that which has come upon the author of "Fraternity" and "Justice." He has not succeeded in writing poetry; but he has succeeded in coming over to the poets. The Finality on which he meditates is that which Literature, as distinct from Journalism, bound or unbound, always evades, giving us instead "flower of author," "sense of the spirit." Miss May Sinclair enters into a spirited "Defence of Men," protesting against Miss Cicely Hamilton's recent attack on the Male. Nothing more sane or comprehensive has been written on the subject of the mutual relations of man and woman, to our knowledge. Were we to say that she shows some understanding of the subject where Miss Hamilton showed none, the retort which the latter would at once make would be that we speak without authority, inasmuch as we speak as men. But that is an argument which cuts both ways. And it remains a fact that no knowledge is born apart from sympathy. Miss Sinclair writes with sympathy; and what she says should make both sexes realise themselves better.

In the *Fortnightly* Lord Rosebery writes about "The Coming of Bonaparte." The article is, in fact, the introduction that he wrote to the cheap edition of M. Vandal's "L'Avènement de Bonaparte." One would have thought that a Napoleonic student like Lord Rosebery would not have been content to give us what, after all, is merely a précis of M. Vandal's book. Justly one might have claimed, if not an independent contribution, at least an independent point of view. Mr. Gosse prints, in English, the address he delivered, in French, before the Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau at Geneva on "Rousseau in England in the Nineteenth Century." He passes in review the influence, one way or another, that Rousseau has had in English Literature—from the anger of Burke to the wise monograph of Morley. Among other literary articles there is one by Mr. G. H. Powell on "Romance versus Reality," which we should no doubt agree with heartily if we could only understand it. Romance and Reality are, of course, only interchangeable terms. They envisage no antithesis. The wise man takes no sides, but just gets on with his work. Nevertheless, it is interesting to learn that "in the obscurantist intellectual jungle of anti-

romanticism strange flights of gaudy-coloured, loudly screaming parrots, strange chatters of simian contortionists ensconced up more or less inaccessible trees, are noticeable enough." In "The Great Republic of China" Mr. Robert Machray writes an informative article. Mr. Arthur Baumann has an essay on "Lord Hugh Cecil on Conservatism." It is exceedingly interesting to see him refuse with some emphasis Lord Hugh's dictum that the basis of Conservatism is "Christian Morals as revealed in the New Testament."

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Wilfrid Ward makes a spirited reply to the recent attack by the *Edinburgh Review* on Cardinal Newman in a review of his father's recent biography. Mr. E. S. Bates contributes an exceedingly interesting article on "Some Foreigners in Shakespeare's England"; though why he should particularly say Shakespeare's England we cannot tell. Mr. Robert Fowler, in view of the recent display of the pictures of new and up-to-date schools of painting, asks "Is Art a Failure?" It is not difficult to see what his reply to that question is. But we venture to say that a more considerable service would be done to Art and to clear thinking if such writers, instead of telling us to go back to Rembrandt and such masters, were to set themselves to answer some of the questions that modern movements in Art have raised. For ourselves, we agree largely with the injunction to regard more attentively the works of the old masters: but it is impossible to forget that it is just that stiff-necked conservatism that has driven us inevitably on to a good deal that we might have escaped. Miss Edith Sellars writes on "Where Women Sit in Parliament." It is partly an examination of the political conditions of Finland, and largely an "argumentum ad verecundiam"—a fact that somewhat mars its value.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* Mr. F. E. Smith continues his article on "Industrial Unrest" that aroused so much interest in its first instalment. Mr. P. P. Howe writes well upon "The Playboy in the Theatre." Mr. W. L. George deals with "Tartarin: the French Comic Giant." His knowledge of French and French literature stands him in good stead, but he would, we think, have been better advised had he made his article more one of critical interest than purely an account of the doings of the great Tartarin. It is not always that we are able to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Lodovici; but in "The Italian Futurists and their Traditionalism" we are heartily at one with him, both in the negative and the positive aspects of what he has to say. It very largely answers our demand when speaking of Mr. Robert Fowler's article, and should abundantly repay thought. The *Oxford and Cambridge Review* is wise in laying this additional emphasis on literary and artistic contributions; it is in such that interest will chiefly centre, and not in the political matter. Another essay by Mr. Leonard Magnus on "Russian Lyrical Poetry" makes interesting reading.

In the *Cornhill* Mr. Joseph C. Bridge writes upon

"Mr. Pepys and his Office Boys," in a paper of human interest. An article that strikes us as somewhat strange is by Mr. Whetham on "Electricity—Positive and Negative." Not for some time have we seen a scientific matter treated in this excellent magazine. It is full in its treatment, and provides admirable reading. The matter of the scaffold used by Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo, raised in the *Cornhill* last month, seems to be settled by a number of correspondents. It appears to have been a wooden scaffold raised for the purpose of a trigonometrical survey that had been made some weeks before by the King of the Netherlands. In *Blackwood's* this month there is a good short story by Mr. Jeffrey E. Jeffrey, entitled "Snatty." Mr. Robert Hannay writes upon "A Complete Elizabethan Gentleman"; and one would scarcely have thought that Robert Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, was altogether worth treating so solemnly and at such length at this time of day.

The *Moslem World* for July maintains its high standard as an intellectual and well-informed exponent of Islam. Its tendency is perhaps too learned for the ordinary reader. For instance, the account of "the way" of a Mohammedan mystic, a Sufi, is difficult to follow. The editor's view towards Islam is to approach it with humility, docility, and love, but not to compromise at any price. Another writer dwells on the points of contact between Islam and Christianity, and argues that points of contact are often points of opposition and may serve as a hindrance to Christianity. The Moslem believes in Monotheism, and this belief "makes the Christian doctrine of the Trinity an abomination to him—a form of the Polytheism on which Islam has waged relentless war." Again, the Moslem honours Jesus, but denies His divinity and His superiority to Mohammed. The conclusion is that, though Islam is a higher stage of civilisation than barbarism, its ethics raise a barrier which barbarism does not raise against the acceptance of Christianity. The cult of Bahaism in Persia has been constantly explained, as the bibliography shows, and requires no further description. Missions in Morocco were unfavourably treated by the country's rulers until 1894. Since then a change has appeared, and substantial progress is being achieved by dispensary preaching, distribution of the Scriptures, and education.

Baghdad, the centre of the Khalifate for 500 years, now an emporium of trade and associated with the future railway from Asia Minor, conquered by Turkey in 1638, is now frequented by both Sunnis and Shiahs, while Jews form a quarter of the population. The writer recognises its importance as a Moslem centre, to which the many neighbouring shrines of Moslem saints attract innumerable pilgrims. Some "unfounded Moslem claims" are subjected to searching investigation, which is constantly necessary, as the claims are never abandoned. The notes on current topics bring together many interesting references to movements and affairs in Mohammedan countries which would otherwise escape notice.

The Fleet at Sea

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

FOR the first time in my life I have had the experience of cruising for three days on a great battleship in the company of nineteen other great battleships of various ages, designs, and armament. I went on board the *King Edward VII.*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Burney, at Portsmouth, watched the review of the fleet by legislators—I wish the said legislators could have heard some of the remarks of the crew on them and their methods, for they were not altogether complimentary—and sailed in the evening with the fleet for the West Coast of Scotland. Two things struck me at once about this great fleet under the supreme command of Prince Louis of Battenberg: (1) How heterogeneous modern fleets are as they gradually pass through the period of transition which will in time give us and other nations homogeneous squadrons of all big-gun ships. For instance, under Prince Louis's command were old battleships built ten years ago, as well as the *King Edward VII.* class, with their four 12-inch guns and their supplementary armament of four 9.2 and 6 inch; then we had two, the *Lord Nelson* and the *Agamemnon*, of a slightly later date than the *King Edward VII.*, mounting, in addition to their 12-inch, four 9.2 on either broadside; after these two pre-*Dreadnoughts* come the mighty *Dreadnoughts* themselves, and there are hardly two of them alike. They do not look the same, and possess very different armaments arranged in a very different manner. For example, the old original *Dreadnought*, built only four years ago, is already obsolete. She could not stand up for half an hour against her younger sisters, like the *Orion* and the *Thunderer*, which carry ten mighty 13-inch guns, the most powerful afloat to-day. Some of the *Dreadnoughts* can only fire eight of their 12-inch guns on either broadside, but the *Orion* and the *Thunderer* and similar vessels can fire all ten 13-inch guns on either broadside, which is, of course, an enormous advantage in action. But this great variety in designs, arms, and armaments, although it makes a fleet more picturesque and interesting as a study to the amateur, does not make for efficiency, either in peace or in action.

The ships have different speeds, and therefore, when at sea, the most efficient and economical average must be found, so that all may keep together, manœuvre easily, and not lose their places in the formation. This takes time, and is one of the chief objects of manœuvres. It is not nearly so easy to control the fire of the guns of a battleship if there are many different calibres on board, and the ammunition supply presents much more serious problems. In all big-gun ships the gun's crew can be moved from one big gun to another without inconvenience, because all are handled on a common basis and the ranges are the same for all. But if you took a gun's crew from a 6-inch or 9.2 gun, and sent them to work a 12-inch or 13-inch, their efforts would be very poor until they became accustomed to the new

weapon. Then the position of the admiral-in-chief is rendered immeasurably more difficult if he has a great variety of vessels under his command. In a naval war he must always try to match a particular item of his fleet with an item of equal or inferior strength in the fleet of his enemy. For instance, it would not do to launch a squadron of pre-*Dreadnoughts* against an opponent's squadron of *Dreadnoughts*. The action could only terminate in one way, if naval theorists are to be believed at all. It would not even do to send the old *Dreadnought* and her class against the super-*Dreadnoughts* of an enemy, with a more powerful armament, capable of firing a larger number of guns on a broadside. These are just a few of the problems for which the naval constructor of the future will have to find a solution before our fleets can reach anything like a maximum of strength and efficiency. The main problem at present is this: To discover the most perfect type of all big-gun ships, and to build a mighty squadron with all ships exactly alike. This will free the mind of the commander-in-chief from a great load of additional responsibility; it will enable the crew of a damaged battleship to be transferred to another, and to find themselves perfectly at home on board, and such a squadron will be infinitely more easy to navigate at sea. A heterogeneous collection of samples must be standardised in the course of the next few years, and the British taxpayer must be prepared to foot the bill, or else allow this country to retire from the struggle for naval supremacy.

The second point which struck me about this great fleet at sea was the facility with which it manoeuvred, although brought together for the first time and composed of vessels of so many different designs. To outward observation it seems far more simple to handle a fleet than to train a company of raw recruits to drill. The fleet manoeuvred like a company of guardsmen at the Trooping of the Colours, changing from divisions to line ahead, or from line ahead to line abreast, or sweeping in graceful curves from starboard to port, or from port to starboard, in a manner that was fascinating to watch. Yet I was told by the navigating officers that they were far from content with these performances, which seemed perfect to the untrained eye of the amateur, and that after a few days a vast improvement would become manifest.

The life on board a modern battleship has been told and retold so often, and in so many different ways, that he would be a bold writer who would attempt to say anything new on the subject. But until you have stayed on board for a few days you can have no real comprehension of the amount of work that is gone through, and of the strenuous and exacting nature of the life. At first all appears chaos and confusion amidst endless engines, revolving wheels, and intricate machinery. It seems like a beehive in which the bees have no idea where to go or what to do. But after a day or two this impression wears off, and you discover that each individual rushing around at the double, amidst the blowing of whistles and the totally incomprehensible

words of command, has his allotted place, and is a human cog in this vast revolving wheel. The sailor's life when at sea is very different from his comrade's in the army or on shore. On shore, whether in civilian or military life, work begins and comes to an end at certain well-known and specified hours, except on rare occasions. But at sea there is really no beginning and no ending to the day's toil. Darkness and light to the sailor are both alike. The day and the night run into one another without the change being noticed. There is always the same hustle and blowing of whistles and the constant patter of bare feet on the decks. There are always men lying *perdu* in all attitudes asleep and others full of life jumping over their prostrate bodies. Only one half of the ship's company is ever found asleep at one and the same time, the other half is always on duty ready for any emergency which may arise. In this age of luxury and comfort, where the standard of living both for the soldier and civilian has risen so immeasurably during the past few years, the discomfort of the sailor's life has received but scant amelioration. His food is better, but his accommodation is just as bad, or even worse, than it was on Nelson's fleet, and his pay remains practically the same.

The question of accommodation is almost incapable of solution, because ships can only be built up to a certain size and vast numbers of men are required to handle the guns and machinery. The life must be patiently borne. But the problem of an increase of pay can, and should be, considered, if we are to maintain the same standard of recruiting for the Navy, and if we are going to obtain a sufficiency of men to meet the rapid expansion of our fleet, necessary in order to maintain the two-Power standard, without recourse to conscription, which at present seems inevitable. Our legislators did not hesitate to vote themselves a small solatium of £400 a year apiece, but they will not face the difficulty of finding the necessary money to attract a good class of man into the Navy. It is the grandest service in the world, and the men who protect our shores surely deserve something better than a mere pittance. It is all very well for the optimistic to say, "Patriotism will carry us through; you will always find sufficient officers and men to wear the King's uniform under the existing conditions." But this is far from the truth. The men and officers of the Navy to-day are just as good as any who have served their country at any other time; but they are becoming increasingly difficult to find, especially the rank and file. The British Empire, with its vast field for enterprise and colonisation, is every year attracting a larger and larger number of our best and bravest from these crowded shores. Canada, South Africa and Australia offer advantages to the young and able which service in the fleet can never offer. Many who would formerly have enlisted in the army or navy now drift to the colonies, where fortunes can be made or lost, and made again within a very few years. But the officer or bluejacket who serves the King knows well the extent of his remuneration from the beginning to the

end of his career. There is for him no hope of making a fortune. He must live in discomfort all his days ; he must lead a hard, exacting and dangerous life, and then at the end of his term of service be content to retire on a small pension. Therefore only one solution remains. If we are to man our fleets in the future without resort to conscription, we must make the service more attractive to both officers and seamen.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

A GOVERNMENT is like an ice pudding : directly it appears, it begins to melt, and nothing stops it. The process may be quick or slow, but it is inevitable. By-elections cut wedges out of it, and other causes make it wobble. This is what is happening to the Coalition Cake. I do not know whether it is because of an exceptionally busy season, or on account of slackness or downright weariness, or a spirit of revolt and a disgust at some of the actions of the leaders (it is probably all of these things), but it is clear that the Master of Elibank is finding it more and more difficult to keep his men together. The huge majority has sunk on occasion to 22 and 46, and very rarely touches three figures, in spite of the most urgent whips.

It is now announced that the House will rise on Friday, the 2nd, or Saturday, the 3rd, August, instead of Saturday, the 10th, as originally arranged.

Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and the Franchise Bill, after this week, are all to be hung up until the autumn, and nothing but Supply and the Budget will be taken before the recess. It is exactly like a pugilist who, to mark time, lies down and waits until the timekeeper has nearly counted ten, with the intention of wasting the round until "time" is called.

On Wednesday night the Foreign Office vote was taken. Everybody who ever had anything to do with diplomacy, and a great many who had not, had a cut in. The Persian railway came in for the usual amount of criticism ; people still think it will make the way easier for invading troops to approach India, but Sir Edward Grey was reassuring—care was being taken to secure British representation in its control and as to the decision about the width of the gauge.

As to the fleet in the Mediterranean, he thought a one-Power standard enough. We really could not afford to keep a fleet there sufficient to take on all the fleets out there at one and the same time ; we must take some risks, and were on excellent terms with France and Russia, and he was satisfied with our progress towards a complete understanding with Germany. Bonar Law said, cost what it might, we must have a naval force which would be able to beat any possible combination that could be brought against us. He denied that we had any quarrel with Germany, but we could not shut our eyes to her action, and begged that Winston would at no distant date give us a statement as to our position as a naval Power. A dull evening, but very useful.

On Thursday the House prepared itself for another dull evening, for the debate on the jerrymandering of the franchise was resumed. There was a scanty attendance. By dint of many questions and some supplementals it was discovered that not only had the Government not been able to come to terms with the doctors, either by threats or cajolery, on the Insurance Bill, but other parts of the scheme were in an equally backward state. Lloyd George had promised the working man that, if he had consumption, he could at once go into a sanatorium and be properly nursed. It now appears that there has been no time to lay a brick of any one of them, and that the workman has no "right" to go there as a matter of course—it must be subject to the decision of some committee.

Gussie Grant surprised the Government by jumping up and asking leave to move the adjournment of the House on a matter of "definite urgent public importance"—viz., that the Act was to come into force on Monday next, and the Government, after forcing the public to pay their coppers, were obviously, from the answers received, not in a position to fulfil their part of the contract. The whole Opposition, including Bonar Law, stood up in a solid phalanx when the Speaker asked whether the hon. member had the leave of the House. "Cannot I claim a division?" squeaked MacCallum Scott desperately. "No," said the Speaker. "Over forty members have stood up." So at eight a discussion on the Insurance Bill was suddenly pitchforked into a dry debate on the technical difficulties of the Franchise Bill. The Master of Elibank was at his wits' end. Was it another carefully planned "snap"? It certainly looked like it. Asquith had cynically said that the division on the second reading should not take place until Friday at five p.m. The Ulster men had raged at his fixing it for their great festival on the 12th. He had deliberately adjourned the division on the first reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill to enable the Nationalists to get back from their convention in Dublin, but he showed no such consideration for the Ulster men in Belfast, and now it looked as if he might be "hoist with his own petard."

The Liberals were taking their ease, secure in the thought that no division was possible that night. Luckily for them, Mr. Asquith was giving a large garden party to the faithful in the cramped little back-yard behind Downing Street, so a message was sent there post-haste, and telegrams were sent off by shoals—long and expensive telegrams, like the pale-faced Babu "head of the district" sent in Rudyard Kipling's story, couched in terms "that the sack of Delhi would hardly have justified."

In the meantime John Burns made a turgid speech on the Franchise Bill, and lectured the House, which it always resents. At eight the engagement began. Waldorf Astor seconded Grant in a thoughtful speech. He knows a good deal about sanatoria and consumption, and the House listened with interest. Masterman was very indignant, and accused Grant of trying to score a party advantage at the expense of the poor

consumptives. The division took place in a crowded House at eleven, and by dint of the most desperate exertions the Radical Whip had succeeded in getting his flock together. When the numbers went up, and it was seen that the Government had a majority of 111, the Radicals cheered as if they had won a notable victory. As a matter of fact, the Unionists had not troubled to recall a single man, and no attempt at a snap had been thought of; but it is useful to keep the Government on the run occasionally with these little alarms and excursions.

On Friday we once more resigned ourselves to the Franchise Bill. It really is a very unfair measure. It is hybrid in form, and deals piece-meal with two very different but important questions—viz., registration and the franchise. To take up either at this end of a crowded session is an outrage, but to take up both—well, some feel "there ain't no words," as the coster said when he turned round and saw his apples rolling down the whole length of Piccadilly. Balfour and Asquith both spoke, but it was as if they were discussing an abstract problem in a debating society. Asquith has made the women very angry by saying that it would be "a national disaster" to admit 10,000,000 women to the franchise. Yet, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, if the amendment is carried, Mr. Asquith is pledged to carry a Bill in which there is a provision which he believes will be national disaster.

Bonar Law wound up for us in a practical speech showing the immense expense that would be put on the rates, which would subtract somewhat from the new taxation promised by the "new leaders" of the Radical Party—Wedgwood and Hemmerde. That is one drawback of belonging to the Radical or Socialist Parties—there is always someone who can outbid you—Burns and Grayson, Asquith and Keir Hardie, Lloyd George and Lansbury, and other great democratic statesmen all discover the sad truth in due course.

The Little Englanders have got Mr. W. H. Massingham to write an article in the *Nation* which has fluttered the dovecots at St. Stephen's. It is a severe warning to the Cabinet: they must either refrain from spending more money on the Navy and Army, or they will lose what the curate called their ee-wee lamb—Lloyd George. The funny part of it is that it is by no means certain that Lloyd George is a Little Englander now, or that he is in sympathy with the peace-at-any-price party. During the last year or two he has spoken very plainly to the German Empire, and his recent contribution of a million to the Navy Vote out of his surplus does not support the Massingham view. Indeed, some people in the Lobby think the warning is issued against Lloyd George as much as anyone else. The Tory talk that there is a split in the Cabinet is rubbish; they may have differences inside, but they are much too shrewd to allow them to appear outside the front door of No. 10, Downing Street. I do not pay them the compliment of having so much principle. The present Government will never dissolve owing to internal differences.

Monday was very hot, and everybody was very languid. Austen Chamberlain attacked Lloyd George for holding up the surplus instead of letting it go automatically towards paying off the National Debt. What a row the Radicals would have made if Balfour had done it when he was in power! That rollicking banker's son—I mean banker's rollicking son—Charlie Mills, chimed in with: "He spends it how and when he likes," and likened the little Welshman to the Stuart kings who got into trouble for trying to do this very thing.

Lansbury, both before and after the debate, tried to show that the police had behaved brutally in Hyde Park, but McKenna was able to show that the boot was on the other leg. However, he promised further enquiry into the matter.

Tuesday was hot and stifling. Mr. Harold Baker, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office, went in to bat first. He was not very much at ease, and, to show how much he was, he made one or two feeble attempts at humour. This is not considered good form in a new Minister, any more than it is in a new member. All that a Territorial Force required, he said, was peace! (Ironical cheers from the Opposition.) Peace, he hurriedly went on to explain, not from an invader, but from hostile critics. This is all nonsense. The Navy and Army want all the honest criticism they can get from all parties. What we are suffering under, said Arthur Lee, is a guilty silence at the War Office, and acidly added that we did not want comic opera retorts. The country had a right to know how we stood. But it was no good. All through the long, sleepy afternoon, Seely and his friends looked at everything through roseate spectacles, while the Opposition appeared to be using smoked glasses. I could not help thinking, as I looked up at the ceiling, that the position was not unlike the patent ventilation of the House, which has cost thousands and thousands of pounds, and yet on a hot day like this we cannot open the windows because it would interfere with the artificial draught. The attitude of the Government was that no healthy and natural criticism was permissible or desirable. Air drawn through cottonwool and red tape was far preferable to natural ozone.

Seely said a good word for the National Reserve, but showed an official dread that they might injure the Territorials.

The strike still continues. Lord Devonport is being abused up hill and down dale, and there have been midnight meetings, but the Government seems powerless.

Down below, on the Terrace, one hears the loud laugh of Mr. Outhwaite, the new member for Hanley. He is in excellent spirits, for, in spite of being a carpet-bagger, he has brought the Labour Party to their bearings. No wonder Elibank rubs his hands. He has not only dished the Tories, but humbled their quondam allies, who were getting just a little swollen-headed.

Notes and News

A catalogue of the works on Peace and International Law in the Nobel Institute of Christiania is in active preparation, and Volume I., containing the peace literature, will be issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate in the autumn. It will form a large octavo volume, printed on one side of the paper only. The collection of peace literature at the Nobel Institute is probably the largest in the world, and this catalogue will therefore be a valuable bibliography of the subject.

Mr. Henry Frowde is publishing the novels of Sir Walter Scott, twenty-four volumes, in three editions. A list of the chief characters and a newly prepared glossary is given in each book, and there are more than 900 illustrations all told. Prices range from a very low figure, and the best edition is printed on Oxford India paper, so that the twenty-four books occupy only ten inches of shelf space. The Oxford Scott, which is uniform with the copyright Oxford Thackeray and Oxford Dickens, will be ready this month.

Messrs. John Long are now issuing the second part of the Royal Opera Souvenir for 1912, which is specially concerned with the "Saison Russe." Like its predecessor, the new part is a beautiful specimen of artistic design and typography, and contains finely reproduced photographs of the principal dancers and of scenes from the ballets, while the letterpress, which is by Mr. Leonard Rees, gives the story of the Russian ballet from its institution in the nineteenth century, personalia of the leading members of the company, and the plots of all the ballets in the repertory.

The July issue of the *Edinburgh Review* is the first to appear under the editorship of Mr. Harold Cox, who will contribute an article on Contemporary Politics. For the first time in the history of the *Review* the writers' names will be appended to certain articles. Among them will be "The Hôtel de Ramboillet," by Edmund Gosse, C.B.; "Fox," by Horace Bleackley; "The Rousseau Bicentenary," by Francis Gribble; "Causes of Chinese Unrest," by J. O. P. Bland; "Zoology in the Time of Shakespeare," by Dr. Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge; and "Chauvinism in Music," by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch. There are also important unsigned articles on "India and her Sovereign" and "Safety of Life at Sea."

Many aspects of bird protection are dealt with in the summer number of *Bird Notes and News* (23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.; 3d.). The relation of birds to man's work and welfare is considered in regard to the economic position of gulls, "The Friends of Trees," and the methods of so-called sparrow clubs, as well as in reference to the protection of crops in field and garden. Comments on the plume trade (with a further appeal to ladies by Sir Herbert Maxwell), the caging of birds, bird protection orders, and the use of traps, together with specimen convictions in the police-courts, refer to the practical work of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Notes on such matters as the scarcity of swallows and the neglected study of bird notes indicate occupation for the field ornithologist; while letters from Switzerland and Holland show what is being done for the preservation of birds in those countries.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE OPEN DOOR IN AMERICA.

THREE would seem to be at the present moment no conclusive reason for supposing that the discriminating clauses contained in the Panama Canal Bill will ever be carried into operation. Aimed primarily by their authors at what constitute purely domestic interests, these clauses betray no *arrière pensée* of spread-eagle Americanism, and therefore should not offer insuperable difficulties in the way of diplomatic solution. At the same time the discussion that has centred round the Bill in political circles, as related by the correspondents of the London Press, reveals not only a wealth of Chauvinistic bombast, but also a nice disregard for treaty obligations, worthy in every respect of the most mature diplomacy of Europe. Fortunately for the British Empire, whose trade would suffer materially by any preferential treatment accorded to American shipping, this latter-day cynicism is not shared by a large section of the statesmen, the people, and the Press of the United States. The Washington Administration of to-day has inherited the mantle of Mr. John Hay, the founder of the Open Door policy in China; and it would indeed be ironical if America, who but a few years ago protested so loudly and so bitterly at the preferential treatment accorded by Japan to her own nationals in respect of goods carried over the South Manchuria Railway, were herself to adopt discriminating measures in regard to the Isthmian waterway.

Should the worst come to the worst, and the Panama Canal Bill as it now stands become law, we can still submit our case to The Hague. In the event of this contingency arising we can only hope that America will show more respect for the decision of that tribunal, supposing the decision to go in our favour, than has been the case with Japan over the question of perpetual leases held by foreigners resident in the country. A recent Reuter states that:

Despite the Hague Arbitration award on the question of perpetual leases, and the fact that negotiations are proceeding between France, Germany, Great Britain, and Japan, with a view to the settlement of this complicated and long-standing matter, the municipal authorities yesterday distained for taxes on the Central Hotel here (Tokyo), which is held by an Englishman on a perpetual lease.

It may be of interest to recall that shortly after the abolition of extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan the Government sought to levy a house-tax in connection with buildings erected on land held under perpetual lease, but the foreign residents strenuously resisted the suggested impost, declaring that it was contrary to treaty provisions. In 1902 Japan consented to submit the whole question to arbitration; but the decision of the Hague Tribunal, given in 1905, went against her. "The provisions of treaties and other engagements mentioned in the arbitral protocol (declared the text) do not merely exempt land held in virtue of perpetual leases

granted by the Japanese Government or in its name; they exempt lands and buildings of whatever description constructed on such lands from all imposts, taxes, charges, contributions or conditions whatsoever other than those expressly stipulated in the leases in question."

With this decision the matter was allowed to rest for some three years, when, probably owing to the low state of the Treasury, the Government again raised the issue in an acute form, and, on the ground that the Hague award precluded only the levying of land and house taxes, imposed income and business taxes in relation to the leased properties. Acting on the advice of the diplomatic representatives, to say nothing of the threat of restraint, these charges were paid under protest. The foreign residents contended that the ground rents paid by them comprised not only rent to the Government for the use of the ground, but also all taxation; that the business and income taxes were tantamount to a tax on the property itself; and that such taxes tended to depreciate the value of perpetual leases. In plain language, they claimed that they were called upon to pay twice over. And so the matter stands to-day. Eminent lawyers have declared that this dexterous evasion is illegal, and, as we have seen, the question is still one of negotiation between the Japanese Government and the various Powers concerned.

In the matter of rights enjoyed by foreigners, one reservation, long a source of irritation, was withdrawn last year. Foreigners are no longer precluded from owning land in the country. In the early part of 1910, during the twenty-sixth session of the Diet, the Government introduced a Bill for the enactment of a law granting to foreigners the ownership of land in fee simple. A note annexed to the Bill stated that:

According to the law in force foreigners are not allowed to possess the right of property in land (in Japan). With the career of the nation in the ascendant, the people have gradually grown in their real ability and confidence in themselves, so that there no longer exists any objection to granting to foreigners the right of possessing land. Not only that, but it has become necessary at this juncture to grant to foreigners the said right in consonance with the usage commonly obtaining in different countries of the world.

Japan has received nothing but commendation for this enlightened legislation. But her friendly critics would seem to have disregarded one or two essential circumstances that contributed in no small measure to her change of policy. Her statesmen fully realised that in 1911 the Treaties with foreign countries would expire; and, rather than have the thorny question of land-ownership settled by the binding terms of international treaty, they wisely decided to anticipate all diplomatic negotiation by themselves adopting suitable legislation. At the same time they reasoned astutely that advanced concessions would smooth the way for the revision of the treaties, and would give them some tangible justification for framing their demands to the advantage of

the nation. Above all—for it must not be forgotten that the British are predominant among the international communities in Japan—the Government were keenly desirous of retaining the close friendship of England—ally and banker.

The mission of Prince Katsura is now well on the way to St. Petersburg, where, subject, of course, to formal ratification in London, the fate of the Manchurian provinces will be sealed. A great deal of speculation is rife as to whether Japan and Russia are on the eve of concluding an alliance, the effect of which will be to render the Anglo-Japanese compact a worthless document. Such a consummation is, however, highly improbable. It is much more likely that Great Britain will give her sanction to what must constitute one of the most appalling acts of international vandalism of modern times. The only redeeming feature—and one for which no party to the transaction can claim credit—is, perhaps, the observance of a decent period of mourning for the fallen dynasty before taking possession of the ancestral home of the Manchu race. Warranted alone by an inordinate ambition for Imperial expansion, the coming annexation of the three Eastern Provinces will establish a period of false security, to be followed sooner or later by an upheaval, to find a parallel to which we shall have to look back to the holocaust of 1904-5.

MOTORING

WITHIN the next few days will begin a tyre trial which should possess exceptional interest for all motorists. It is to consist of a test to destruction of four tyres of different makes, three of them—the Continental, Dunlop, and Michelin—enjoying world-wide reputations, and the other—the Victor—having its reputation still to make, but claiming to be the best of them all. That the last-mentioned is a first-class tyre is already known to many users, including the present writer, but whether the confident assertion of the makers that it is the best pneumatic tyre in the market is justified or not can only be determined by an impartial and exhaustive test, such as the one it is intended to hold.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."

"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using "Champion"
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S. BOWLEY & SON,
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Established 200 years.

The main conditions under which the competition will be held are as follows:—An independent committee, consisting of representatives of the Press and well-known private motorists, will select from stock tyres of the four makes indicated, have them fitted to a 40 h.p. Fiat, and run them to destruction on the road, under ordinary running conditions. Every 250 miles the position of the tyres will be changed, those on the front wheels being transferred to the back, and vice versa, thus ensuring equal treatment for all. During the whole period, which is expected to occupy about ten weeks, the car will contain two independent observers, one elected by the Press and the other by the private committee, and at the conclusion of each day's run the car will be "sealed" by the observers to prevent tampering and ensure the fairness of the contest.

In addition to the observers appointed by the committee, the test will be supervised by the late manager of the technical department of the R.A.C., whose report of the behaviour of the various tyres under similar conditions should provide valuable data for the motorist. The promoters of the trial are the makers of the Victor tyre, who have for some time been issuing challenges to the other makers to participate in a durability test. It was originally intended that it should take place under the official supervision of the R.A.C.; but, for some reason or other which has not yet transpired, the club committee suddenly decided to retract its acceptance, thus leaving the challengers no option but to organise an independent test. The conditions, however, will be essentially the same as those laid down by the club, except that the trial will take place upon the road instead of the racing track, an alteration which will enhance its practical value.

Another feat, the special interest of which is for the constantly increasing number of Colonial motorists, is that of a 15 h.p. Colonial Napier, which is arranged to be held under R.A.C. supervision this week. As is generally known, Mr. S. F. Edge recently made a prolonged visit to South Africa for the express purpose of investigating the conditions of motoring in the Colonies, and, no doubt, he brought back with him a good deal of useful information which has been embodied in the latest Colonial Napier. The course chosen for the test is the roughest and hilliest tract of country to be found on the South Downs, a considerable portion of which consists of mere tracts unused by ordinary traffic, the idea being to test the car under conditions which correspond with those to be found in undeveloped over-sea countries. Judging from the contour map before us, which shows a continuous succession of climbs and descents ranging from 200 to 800 feet above sea-level, we should imagine that it would be difficult to find a more formidable and exacting course in the whole of Great Britain.

From the secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union comes a specimen copy of the *Foreign Handbook* the committee have prepared for the benefit of the numerous members who contemplate touring abroad with their cars. Although containing over 500

pages, it is small and compact enough for the ordinary coat pocket, and it is almost superfluous to state that the task of providing a really useful vade mecum for the Continental touring motorist has been carried out with thoroughness and ability. In appearance and general arrangement the *Foreign Handbook* resembles the ordinary A.A. and M.U. Handbook, issued annually to all its members. Following an article of general information on touring abroad come details of the regulations and motor-touring conditions applying to each of the Continental countries, with lists of the hotels, garages, and A.A. agents in the principal towns, and particulars of their accommodation and facilities for motorists. The second portion of the book consists mainly of details of selected routes from one centre to another all over the Continent, with elaborate but very lucid information as to distances and driving directions. It is hardly too much to say that the little work, which will be presented free to every member of the A.A. and M.U. who chooses to apply for it, is practically indispensable to the motorist who tours abroad.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

UNDOUBTEDLY the event of the week has been the remarkable slump in Consols following upon Lloyd George's visit to the City. Everybody is selling and there is no market, neither will the jobbers put Consols on their books to any great extent. We must not think that Great Britain is in any worse financial plight than Germany. That is not the case. German Threes carried over at 79, and they are quoted 78-79. This is lower than the 3 per cent. stocks of the London County Council, which stand at 82½, or the Water Board stock, which is quoted at 81. The mania for stocks bearing a high rate of interest extends all over the world. The fact is we are all too extravagant. We are living up to our incomes; a good many people are living beyond them, and, in order to make both ends meet, some gamble and the more careful search for high-interest bearing bonds. The enormous developments in Canada and South America, where land is being opened up with great rapidity, call for cash, and the pioneers are willing to pay high prices for loans because the margin of profit is great. There is no doubt that both in Canada and in the Argentine a man may invest his money with considerable safety, and yet obtain from 7 to 9 per cent. interest. The finance houses have, therefore, no longer any use for Consols. Even insurance companies are going abroad for their investments. Another point that is important to mention is the question of income tax. Here the heavy tax forces people to put their money into Bonds, the coupons on which are collected by foreign banks and the money re-invested abroad. In this way many rich people save large sums in income tax.

The new issues are not going well. The Newfoundland offer met with cold treatment, but the City of Nicolaieff Bonds were well subscribed, and it is said that the Queensland issue was treated better than that of Newfoundland. The terms were certainly superior. The

British North Borneo debentures do not appear particularly cheap, but the General Electric Company 6 per cent. preference were a reasonable security. Mr. J. C. A. Henderson has been trying to unload his properties through the British and French Trust. The company is not one I can recommend. The British and General Debenture is another relief company, and the securities are some of them given in this week's *Stockbroker*. They hardly inspire me with a desire to apply for shares. Calgary is borrowing more money, but the offer, although better than that made by her last February, is still not good enough. The British Maritime Trust 5 per cent. convertible debenture is a reasonable bond at a reasonable price.

MONEY is momentarily tight, but I think that as the summer progresses we may see rates reduced. There is no trouble ahead, and although the crops in Canada and the United States will require financing, that money will not be needed until the autumn. However, all chance of a reduction in the Bank Rate seems to have vanished.

FOREIGNERS.—The haggling over the Chinese Loan still continues, and the Powers would appear anxious to meet China in every way. They must meet her. France remains obdurate on the question of control, but really no other country cares very much, although they pretend that they do. I am glad to see that some members of Parliament are taking up the Chinese question, and pointing out very properly that Great Britain, who does half the trade, is only to have one sixth of the finance. This is a most unfair division, and Sir Edward Grey has been badly served in China, otherwise he would not have allowed the control to slip from his hands.

HOME RAILS.—Most of the stocks in which there has been any speculative account are weak. The banks do not wish to lend on stale accounts, and the bulls are being shaken out. But the Heavy lines appear good to buy. Great Westerns are certainly cheap, and London and North Western and North Eastern are much undervalued. I advise my readers to put their money into these stocks. If they buy to-day they buy a dividend, and they are getting 5 per cent. interest on a gilt-edged security. They need not be afraid of the railway nationalisation scheme that Mr. Lloyd George has in hand. It cannot hurt them, and it may end in giving them a very handsome premium on their capital invested. This is presuming that the scheme is seriously meant, and can be carried out. I believe that Mr. Lloyd George means business, and he hopes that through this scheme he will be able to placate the Labour Party. The leaders of this party, would, of course, get fat jobs.

YANKEES.—It is not much use discussing the American market, for nothing will be done here until the fall. The copper position has been attacked, but I must confess that I see little chance of a victory for the bears. They will have to buy back, and as the bulls have enough money to hang on to their copper with, it seems to me that the position is stronger to-day than ever.

RUBBER.—The rubber market remains dull; not even Mr. Lampard's optimism has been able to revive it. The Eastern International report is not good, and the Bukit Mertajam report is equally disappointing. These shares are over valued.

oil.—The big 3½ millions pounds Oil Company that is to purchase the Stachyeff Properties hangs fire. There is no doubt that Urals have been marked up to enable this company to make a successful issue. They should relapse. It is certainly not the time to buy oil shares, although I confidently anticipate an oil boom in the autumn. Tweedy has many plans on hand, and all the other promoters are equally busy. Spies is, however, the best purchase of the lot.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—It is said that Sir Abe Bailey has lent the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia £200,000, and that he and Latilla and Bonnard will start

business again. The Wanderer report is bad; the shares should be sold. The Antelope report shows that the reef is narrowing at depth. It was wide at the surface, and the shoot grows narrower every hundred feet it goes down. These shares also should be sold.

TIN.—The Tin market looks like reviving. All the mines now have plenty of water, and if they can only get sufficient labour the returns from Nigeria will jump up rapidly. The dealers are short of shares, and if the promoters will only exercise a little self-restraint we might see a good rise. Edmund Davis, Bastard, Wethered, and the rest have enormous blocks they wish to sell, but they know that the public only buys on a rising market.

MARCONI.—The market in the Marconi issues has been quite lively during the past few days. This is easily accounted for. Most of the weak bulls have been driven out, and there is a bear account. Also the Marconi Company is getting short of money, and desires to make a new issue of shares. This it cannot do on a flat market, therefore the rise may continue until the directors are ready with their issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Hudson Bays are now quoted at 13½ ex dividend, and I expect that a great many people who could not afford the old share will buy a few of the split shares. A rise here, therefore, seems probable. The new issue of prefs. is quoted ¾ premium. Agricultural Banks should be bought, as they are much too low. Lord Kitchener will do nothing to injure this Government institution, and I consider that Agriculturals at 5½ are one of the soundest investments on the London Stock Exchange.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A POLITICAL QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I think your Parliamentary Correspondent is in error (in company with many others) in saying that Gladstone nominated Lord Rosebery as his political heir.

Lord Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," reports a conversation with him just before his interview with the Queen at the time of his resignation.

He told Lord Morley that, if asked, he should advise the Queen to send for Lord Spencer.

Lord Morley states, "As it happened, his advice was not asked."

Yours truly,

THOMAS JONES.

LEIGH HUNT'S HOUSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a recent issue of a contemporary it was remarked that "it is curious that not even Mr. Algernon Ashton is to the front with a suggestion for the usual plaque for Leigh Hunt's house in Edwardes Square, Kensington," where the famous writer lived for several years, and wrote the criticisms in "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," the "Jar of Honey," a portion of "The Town," and the greater part of his biography. I do hope that this timely paragraph of your contemporary has since come under the notice of the London County Council, and that it will not be long before a memorial tablet is erected on this interesting dwelling-place of Leigh Hunt. His handsome tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery is, I am happy to say, in perfect order. Your very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—At this period of the year large numbers of the children of London's well-to-do citizens are looking forward eagerly to their usual summer holidays in the

country or by the sea. But more than half of the children of the poorer citizens of London have never known the delight of spending even a night in quiet country surroundings. Many of these live so far from the parks and open spaces that their only playground in holiday time must inevitably be the dingy street or crowded court in which they live.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund is endeavouring to send away at least 45,000 of these small Londoners for a fortnight's holiday in the homes of country cottagers.

Never has the holiday been more needed. One effect of the unhappy labour troubles of the past twelve months has been that many of the children have been underfed and badly clad, and in consequence have suffered greatly in health. A fortnight's change of air and scene, with good country food, would do wonders in setting them up again and giving them the strength to withstand the trials of the coming winter.

I venture to appeal, therefore, most earnestly to your readers for financial help to prevent bitter disappointment to large numbers of children whom it will be impossible to send away unless further donations are forthcoming.

Every pound sent to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Arran, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., ensures for two poor children a fortnight in a cottage with kind country hosts.

Those who are hoping to take their own children away, and all who realise the recuperative and invigorating effect of the joy that such a holiday brings with it, will, I am confident, respond generously to this appeal. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) THOS. BOOR CROSBY,
Lord Mayor.

July 12, 1912.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. T. G. Martin, I fancy that the ordinary Englishman has an implicit confidence in the British Navy as being well able to scare away intruders while he indulges in the pleasant pastime of football watching. If he is a little more than ordinary, he looks also to the United States as an additional bulwark, and talks with becoming reverence of the Monroe Doctrine and the unthinkable war between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now all this is, in my view, a state of false security. Our imperial interests and those of the United States are very far from being identical or mutually compatible. What of that Great Dream by which I suppose all citizens of the Republic are swayed, either consciously or unconsciously—the dream of a United North America dominant over two oceans and regulating the policy of the world? How does this dream assort with the continued existence of Canada as an integral part of the British Empire? And what but some such dream could induce a nation of strong commercial instincts to invest in a vast undertaking of such doubtful profit as the Panama Canal? I venture to think, sir, that the Panama Canal is the first step towards the realisation of that Great Dream to which I have referred as the impelling force in the United States National policy. That we should take steps to counteract the enhanced power of the Republic in the New World does not seem to occur either to our statesmen or to the directors of the Popular Press. Trust America, she will always stand by us and will never suffer us to be driven to the wall by ambitious and energetic rivals. There may be a little friction over Canal dues, it is true; but that will be easily composed by arbitration, just as the Maine boundary difficulty was composed, very much to the satisfaction of at any rate one of the parties.

I will conclude by stating what appears to me to be the position of Canada with regard to the Panama Canal as things now stand: Canada as a portion of the British Empire will have to pay Canal dues; as a portion of the

United States of North America she would have free use of the waterway, and be a sharer in the realisation of the Great Dream. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—While I am grieved to think that the humble expression of my views in regard to the above places me, according to Mr. T. G. Martin, in the category of "the well-meaning and evil-doing group of purveyors of soothing syrup," I feel obliged to say that I prefer to remain in that class than in that of the fire-eating alarmist who sees an invasion of England in every move of Germany, and who imagines that yearly increase of armaments on sea and land are the only cure for the present tension. But I do object to be associated with the popular cry of "let us sit still and drift."

On the contrary, I submit that the apprehension on both sides *must* be removed, and that quickly, and in venturing to suggest that the statesmen of both countries will find a way out I assert with every confidence that at the present stage is the proper course to pursue. But I go further and, if it is found that the "powers that be," either through incompetence or excessive *amour propre*, stand in the way of a friendly settlement, then I am with Mr. Martin in appealing to the "man in the street" of both nations to ensure a settlement by the force of public opinion.

This country is no longer the sole guardian of the peace of Europe, and it would be worse than folly to attempt to assume that position. Any settlement with Germany will necessarily involve a policy of give-and-take, and we ought to be able to adopt such an attitude without loss of dignity or prestige.

I am sorry if I misunderstood Mr. Thomas McLeod in regard to his tonnage for the 250,000 Germans, but Mr. McLeod ought to know enough about shipping to realise that 50 large steamers (allowing 5,000 men per boat) cannot be diverted from their regular employment and filled up with soldiers, guns and stores without someone on this side knowing something about it, in which case, of course, the British fleet would be waiting for them at the mouths of the Elbe and Weser. I am afraid I must still hold to the opinion that, apart altogether from economic reasons, Germany will never be mad enough to face the terrible odds against her in such an adventure; nor do I believe, with all due respect to Mr. McLeod's Hamburg friend, that such a desire exists to any appreciable extent in the German Empire.—Yours, etc.,

July 12, 1912.

R. J. TURNER.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT MASTER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Our art critics have been so long at feud with the Royal Academy that everything and everybody connected with it is belittled by them, and the Press, art criticism, and the critics themselves are belittled at the same time; as we saw by the unworthy treatment a great American artist, Edwin Austin Abbey, received from a section of our Press on his passing to where critics cease from troubling and the logrollers are at rest. This scandal seems likely to be repeated in the case of a greater and far more original artist, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., whom the nation honoured by burying him in our Pantheon, St. Paul's. Many of our great weekly papers made no mention of his death, and those which did so show no glimmering of insight into the nature and significance of his achievements. Putting aside personal preference, and resting on uncontested facts, we may safely affirm that Alma-Tadema was one of the most original and, in some respects, one of the most consummate painters of all time; and he made greater departures from orthodox or "academic" art than any one of his

contemporaries. He opened up a new class of subjects, and made Greece and Rome live again in a way to colour all our thoughts of those epoch-making times. He gave us a new type of beauty, and in composition he gave us the quaint and unexpected with refreshing originality. Earth's records stored by cosmic chemistry in the variegated marbles he turned into precious stones by his wondrous artistry. With deepening insight he revealed a host of new beauties never before seen in art, and he perfected a new technique to realise them. In dealing with the master problem for the painter, *light*, he, with his command of the reflected lights, made pigment glow as it had never glowed before except in the hands of our own great light-bringer, Turner. Colour he sublimed into its higher refinements. Eschewing the crude primaries he gave those odd, unexpected, tender, aesthetic tones only discerned by the higher colour vision. All these new departures, these new phases of perfection, achieved by one man, constitute a record seldom equalled in the history of Art.

We may like or dislike such art, we may deplore what we think this or that deficiency; but the extent of his actual attainments, the extent of his originality are beyond question; their real worth must be appraised by a saner generation, after the wave of Anarchism which has inverted all criteria has spent its force. Meanwhile we should call on our Press to rise to its responsibilities as the mouthpiece of the public, and not allow us to be degraded by the petty sectarianisms into which so many of our critics have fallen. Yours, etc.,

20, Fairlawn Park,
Chiswick, W.

E. WAKE COOK.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your interesting and stimulating article in THE ACADEMY of July 6 prompts me, not "as a leading light of the intellectual world," but as a "mere ordinary man" with a love of poetry in its widest sense to suggest that Mr. Wilfrid Thorley has himself answered the two questions he commences his article with:—

No. 1: "Because we are in an age when the fine arts have become actively divorced from life."

No. 2: "Poetry, to win respect from the ordinary man, must be by way of an affirmation. Rightly or wrongly, to the normal English mind poetry stands or falls by its effect as a help towards or a hindrance to living."

May I add the opinion that an age must not be judged, from a poetical point of view, entirely by the merit or quantity of its verses; and however we may deplore "that present-day poetry generally speaks with a voice of protest, dismay, or despair," there are still singers and, moreover, workers who see and work poetically towards "the hills ahead," and echo bravely Campbell's (the Canadian) words:—

" Doubt but the battle smoke,
Dusk but the morning's cloak,
Care and despairing but dreams of the night,
Roll the grey mists up,
Drain deep the dawn cup—
Ride we—Ride we into His light."

The spirit of the age is surely full of hope, and, rightly or wrongly, is strenuously aiming and striving for another "New Birth":—

" God is in Heaven. All's right with the world."

Do not let us aim too much at writing good poetry, but let us inculcate by every means in our power the *spirit of poetry* into the rising generation. Yours faithfully,

C. OSCAR GRIDLEY.
Treasurer of the Poetry Society.

104, Elm Park Gardens,
South Kensington.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Aspects of the Irish Question. By Sydney Brooks. (Maunsell and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Les Sculpteurs Français du XVIIIe Siècle ("Les Maîtres de l'Art" Series.) By Mlle. Louise Pillion. Illustrated. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.)

Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle: I. L'Angleterre en 1815. By Elie Halévy. (Hachette and Co. 15f.)

All Manner of Folk: Interpretations and Studies. By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

English Lyrical Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 8s. 6d. net.)

Princess Ælfreda's Charity. Part III. By Henry Lansdell, D.D. (Burnside, Blackheath. 7d., post free.)

The Love of Nature Among the Romans During the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire. By Sir Archibald Geikie, K.C.B. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

English Literature, 1880-1905. By J. M. Kennedy. (Stephen Swift and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Short History of the Worshipful Company of Horners. By H. G. Rosedale, D.D. (Blades, East and Blades. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cornish Coast and Moors. By A. G. Folliott-Stokes. Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

An Introduction to Psychology. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the Second German Edition by Rudolf Pintner, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Histrionics in the Dramas of Franz Grillparzer. By Elizabeth Adelaide Herrmann. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. 75 cents.)

Spenser, the School of the Fletchers, and Milton. By Herbert E. Cory. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. 75 cents.)

The British Museum Reading Room: A Handbook for Students. By R. A. Peddie. (Grafton and Co. 1s. net.)

On the Truth of Decorative Art: A Dialogue Between an Oriental and an Occidental. By Lionel de Fonseka. (Greening and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

The Triuniverse: A Scientific Romance. By the Author of "Space and Spirit." (Charles Knight and Co. 5s. net.)

Galbraith of Wynystead. By E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The New Humpty-Dumpty. By Daniel Chaucer. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Things that Women Do. By Florence Warden. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Into Thy Hands. By Arthur Applin. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

The Hidden Fear. By James Blyth. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

St. George's Magazine; The International, N.Y.; United Empire; Men's League for Women's Suffrage; The Women's Industrial News; The Bodleian; Palestine Exploration Fund Annual, 1911; Bookseller; The Conservator, Philadelphia; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; La Revue; The Eugenics Review; The Dublin Review; Publishers' Circular; Peru Today; University Correspondent; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Revue Bleue.

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